

THE
WOMAN of FASHION:
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
Lady Diana Dormer.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

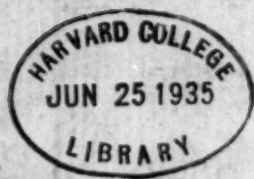
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T H E
W O M A N O F F A S H I O N.

MR. *Groves* rose early, after a restless Night, and hastened to visit his sick Friend. That Friend, who was one of the worthiest of Men, had as much as possible concealed his Danger, for Fear of alarming him; judging, that though his Illness left him but little Hopes of recovering, it would yet allow him Time enough to prepare those who were dear to him for the fatal Event. He had therefore refused the kind Offer of Mr. *Groves*, who was with Difficulty persuaded to quit him during the Night, a Night, which, though not employed

4 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

in watching by his Friend, he spent in the utmost Anxiety. There had for many Years subsisted the most cordial Intimacy between those worthy Men, who were inexpressibly dear to each other.

Mr. *Groves* was the youngest Son of a Baronet, and had early engaged in Merchandize. His Probity, Generosity, and many other Virtues, had gained him universal Esteem; and his unwearied Application to Business, was rewarded with all the Success his most sanguine Wishes could desire; but being neither too ambitious, nor tinctured with the odious Vice of Covetousness, he had for some Years followed the natural Bent of his Inclinations; and finding himself Master of a Sufficiency of Wealth, to satisfy himself and administer to the Necessities of others, quitted

The WOMAN of FASHION. 5

quitted the busy Scenes of Life, for the calmer Joys of Retirement and Delights of Friendship. There he indulged himself in the innocent Pleasures of the Country and Improvement of his Estate. It was his Study to diffuse Happiness and Content amongst his Tenants and Dependents; a Friend to all, a Father to the Poor, an universal Benefactor to all who stood in Need, or applied to him for Assistance. "When the Ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the Eye saw him it gave Witness to him, because he delivered the Poor that cried, and the Fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The Blessing of him who was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the Widow's Heart to sing for Joy."

6 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Not long after he was settled in the Country, a Gentleman, whose Appearance and Behaviour bespoke him born to higher Prospects than those to which Misfortunes had now reduced him, desired to become one of his Tenants. There happened to be a vacant Farm, of which he was instantly put in Possession. This Stranger, whose Name was *Danvers*, brought with him to his little Retreat an only Son, who, young as he was, discovered a Disposition so engagingly amiable, that Mr. *Groves* soon felt for him the warmest Affection; this Affection was strengthened by the tender Friendship, which, in a little Time, began to subsist between him and the Father of the Youth. This hospitable Landlord, solicitous for their Happiness, earnestly wished to render their Circumstances more affluent,

ent, more suited to their Birth ; which though still ignorant of their History, he had sufficient Reason to believe entitled them to a more distinguished Rank in Life. Their Friendship at length ripened into the most unreserved Confidence, which gratified both his Curiosity and Benevolence. The Behaviour of the old Gentleman ; a certain Nobleness of Carriage, which, though free from Haughtiness, distinguished him from the Vulgar, had prepared him to hear, without any great Surprise, that Mr. *Danvers* was in Reality Lord *Darnly* ; but had, unfortunately, irreconcilably offended his Father, by a Marriage with one of the most amiable of Women, who only wanted the Gifts of Fortune to render her agreeable even to *him* : A Woman, who, while she lived, constituted the Felicity of his Life ; whose endearing

8 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Tenderness and many Virtues; amply rewarded him for the Sacrifice he had made, in relinquishing, for her Sake, the empty Honours which his Father had long refused him the Means of enjoying. His utmost Submission, his daily renewed Applications for Pardon, had ever been ineffectual: Lord *Darnly* obstinately refused to see him. Weary at length with unavailing Efforts to obtain his Forgiveness, his Son gave over the fruitless Attempt; determined to make the best of his irrevocable Destiny, to taste those Joys, that Love, a virtuous charming Wife, and Competency, though not Affluence, could give him.

Contentment, however embittered somewhat by the Remembrance of a Father's Displeasure, soon made him Amends for the unsatisfying Grandeur, which

which he quitted without the least Regret. The Birth of a Son added to his Felicity, and taught him to experience a thousand new and endearing Sensations, while they increased his Affection for the amiable Mother. This worthy little Family, happy in each other, stood in no Need of foreign Aids to compleat it; if an uneasy Thought now and then intruded on the Mind of Mr. *Danvers*, one Smile from his *Maria* instantly dispelled the Gloom.

In this Manner, for six Years glided on in calm Obscurity his peaceful Days, when Death deprived him of what on Earth he most highly valued, and plunged him into a Melancholy, which will end only with his Life; that Life, which Sorrow has visibly shortened.

Hardly had he assuaged the Violence of his Grief for his lamented *Maria*,

A 5 when,

when, to add to his Affliction, he was informed of his Father's Death, who, inexorable and deaf to the Calls of natural Affection, had ordered his Illness to be kept secret from him; peremptorily declaring, he never would see nor forgive him. His Will gave the strongest Proof of his implacable Resentment. Of the Title it was not in his Power to deprive him, but every Thing else he left to his youngest Son. This Act of Injustice was, however, less regretted by Mr. *Danvers*, as we shall still call him, than the Death of a Parent, who, in Spite of his Cruelty, he had ever tenderly loved. His Grief was augmented by the Reflection, that he carried to his Grave a Temper so unbecoming a Christian, as it overclouded his Prospects for his future Happiness.

After

After employing a few Days in settling his Affairs, he determined to retire into the Country. His whole Income amounted to little more than a hundred and fifty Pounds a Year; but, as he had long been accustomed to Frugality, he made a Virtue of Necessity, and, by moderating his Desires, found those of Nature easily satisfied, and that by multiplying them we only increase our Misery. A Sigh would, however, sometimes escape, when he reflected on his Son. There was but one Method likely to secure his Happiness. He had brought himself, by the Aids of Religion and Philosophy, though accustomed to Splendor from his Youth, though educated with the most aspiring Hopes, to bear his Reverse of Fortune without murmuring. In Spite of the Prejudice he had imbibed in Favour

of Grandeur, his Son would have the Advantage of never having known those too flattering Distinctions; and now, if carefully kept ignorant of his high Birth (an empty Bauble), he might, with the very moderate Income he could leave him, accompanied with a virtuous Mind, enjoy Pleasures more unmixed and satisfactory, than those which were perhaps wisely denied him. Determined, therefore, to guard him against Ambition, to insil into his youthful Heart the Sentiments of Virtue and Humility, he hastened with him into the Country, as a Place most proper for his Design, and most free from the pernicious Influence of bad Example. It was there, as I before said, that Mr. Grove, became acquainted with him; and to know was to esteem him.

No sooner did his Friend become sensible of his Rank, than he generously pressed him to share his Fortune. There is certainly one kind of Pride that may be reckoned laudable, but it is not that which will not submit to be obliged. Mr. *Danvers* knew he could not give greater Pleasure to his Friend, than by accepting the kind Testimony he offered to prove he was so. And, though he did not wish for an Increase of Fortune on his own Account; yet, for his Son's Sake, who he wished to see educated in such a Manner, as that, if he should ever be raised to a Fortune suited to his Rank, he might be able to acquit himself with proper Dignity in his Station, he agreed to leave that important Point to Mr. *Groves's* Care; and with unfeigned Gratitude submitted to an Obligation, of which he was hardly

hardly suffered to be sensible, so delicately was it conferred.

The young and amiable *Danvers*, by Mr. *Groves's* Means, now enjoyed every Advantage that Fortune had denied him: Nothing was omitted, which could accomplish and render him the truly fine Gentleman. At the same Time, knowing from whose Generosity those Advantages were derived, and ignorant that his Birth any way entitled him to so liberal an Education, he was preserved from any high Thoughts of himself, kept properly humble, by a Sense of Obligation, for which he felt the warmest Gratitude. Nor did his Father fail to remind him, that, though a good Education was in general an Advantage in every Sphere of Life, his would prove a Misfortune, if it raised his Expectation to one more conspicuous than

than that he had ever been accustomed to; his receiving one so liberal, was what he had no Reason to expect, but entirely owing to the Generosity of his Benefactor.

This young Gentleman had already been some Years at the University, when he was informed of his Father's Illness; on which he hastened to him with all the Eagerness of filial Affection. Nothing could equal his Grief, when he found his valued Parent in a Situation, which gave him so little Hopes of his Recovery. Mr. Groves used his utmost Endeavours to console him, though in Reality he stood as much in Need of Consolation as himself; while the virtuous and truly Christian *Danvers*, beheld his approaching Dissolution with the most exemplary Resignation, happy in having procured

cured for his Son a second Parent in his Friend.

We left Mr. *Groves* in his Way to their House; as he had but a few Fields to cross, he is, no Doubt, ere now receiving his last mournful Adieu; but, as we were not Witnesses to the moving Scene, we must leave it to the Reader's Imagination, fearing an imaginary Description would not do it Justice, and therefore end this introductory Chapter.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. FRAMPTON.

Maiden Hall, —

OUR agreeable, our truly valuable and beloved Neighbour is no more; a lingering Illness had, however, in some Measure prepared us for the Shock.

The WOMAN of FASHION. 171

Shock. 'Tis selfish to grieve for his Death, by which he is so great a Gainer. A Life like his, was one continued Preparation for the Grave; happy those who tread in his Paths; may his amiable Son follow his bright Example; he will have one no less worthy Imitation in my Brother, who will not only be a Guardian, but second Parent to him. The engaging Youth, whose Graces both of Mind and Person give us the fairest Prospect, that he will one Day make a shining Figure in Life, and amply reward us by his Virtues for our Care and Friendship, spent a few Weeks here after his Father's Funeral, where nothing was omitted that might be likely to console him for his Loss. My Brother Yesterday accompanied him some Part of the Way on his Return to College; a few Months will compleat his Studies, when we hope to see him

18 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

him in a more enlarged Sphere of Action, manifest those Accomplishments he takes such laudable Pains to acquire; to see those Talents he is entrusted with, not ostentatiously displayed, but made use of to the noblest Purposes of social Life. If I may judge of the future, from what he now is, I have Reason to believe he will not only be the Scholar, but the truly fine Gentleman, and, what is of far more Importance, the Christian. He has great Sensibility, a rather too warm Impetuosity of Temper; but Age, and his excellent Understanding, will enable him to restrain it within proper Bounds; 'tis greatly to be preferred to an Indolence of Disposition; the strongest Passions, if properly governed, are generally productive of the most exalted Virtues.

Forgive

Forgive my Prolixity, on a Subject that is so pleasing to me: Can I be indifferent about one, who is so dear to him, to whom next to Heaven I owe all my Happiness and Peace; to my more than Brother, my generous Friend and Protector; that amiable Man, who rescued me from Misery, when a Father, when even a Husband deserted me? Ah! Can I ever be sufficiently grateful for his Kindness; wretched, destitute as I was, abandoned by the Father of my hapless Child; that Father, whose Memory, in Spite of all his Follies, his Indiscretions, is still dear to my Heart. What would have become of me, incensed as all my Relations were for a too imprudent Marriage, had not this noble-minded Brother suffered Nature to plead in my Behalf. He took the Widow and the Fatherless

therless under his Protection ; supplied to me the Loss of that Husband who is now no more ; 'tis his tender Friendship that consoles me for the lamented Death of my Child. How am I indebted to him ; but Heaven will amply reward his Virtues ; he is already rewarded by the exquisite Pleasures of doing Good ; there is no Satisfaction to equal that ; we may deceive the World by an Appearance of Happiness, but shall never truly experience it, till we know the Joy of communicating it to others. I should not know when to have done on a Theme so delightful to me, as the Praises of this amiable Man, were I not now interrupted by a Message from him. Adieu, my Friend ; this Letter, though of a convenient Length, will yet receive some Addition before I dispatch it. I judge of you by myself ; our Sentiments generally.

cor-

correspond ; your's are never too long ;
I would flatter myself you have the same
Indulgence for mine.

In Continuation.

I was sent for to read a Letter from
my eldest Brother Sir Roger ; how lit-
tle does he resemble my generous Pro-
tector ; I inclose it ; judge from it if I
have not Reason to tremble for my
Niece ; such an Education as she must
have had, or rather, what is still worse,
no Education ; deprived from her In-
fancy of a tender Mother ; ah ! how
little could a Father like her's supply
that Loss ; how little is he capable of
forming her young Mind ; it must be
greatly uncultivated, if not depraved ;
thank Heaven she is yet, however,
young enough for Improvement. I
flatter myself, if he keep his Resolution
of

of sending her here, it will not be too late for her to receive that Polish, to acquire those Accomplishments becoming her Sex, and the large Fortune she is born to; ah! it had been happier for her had her Fortune been less. A thousand ridiculous Precautions have been used, to prevent, what perhaps there was no Reason to apprehend, an imprudent Marriage; that is to say a Marriage, where an equal Share of that universal Idol, Riches, did not give the Person a Claim to her Hand; this is the only Qualification insisted on in her future Husband. She has from her Birth been a Prisoner in her Father's House; buried in joyless Retirement; no Instructors, but mercenary ignorant Servants; no Company, but boisterous unpolished Country'Squires; entrusted to the Care of an illiterate Female of her Father's chusing. What a Life must

must the poor Child have led : But it would be the more supportable, as she knows nothing of the World, nor that others enjoy greater Happiness or Freedom. Adieu, my Friend ; if I have excited your Curiosity, you will be glad to be at Liberty to peruse the inclosed. Believe me your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER II.

*To CHARLES GROVES, Esq; at
Maiden-Hall.*

BY the Lord *Harry*, Brother, one had as good be a Centinel in an advanced Post on the Enemy, as the Father of an Heiress. I am worried to Death ; my Game is destroyed by Poachers ; but the worst kind are a Set of tall

tall *Irish* Fellows, and a Pack of red Coats. The Duce take standing Armies, they beset my House on all Sides, I have no Peace Night nor Day. Plague on them, would they have a Man's Daughter, in spite of his Teeth; but they had better keep their Distance, I can tell them. Here it is not passing four Month's ago, that I must needs like a Fool, let my Girl go to an Assembly, as they call it. 'Squire *Hobins's* Folks worried me to Death; but if ever they catch her at such another Hop, may I be forced to change my roast Beef and Plum-Pudding, for Ragout and Soup Maigre. By good Luck *Henny* can't dance, so the fine tinkel Puppets could not get her to whisk and whirl about; but as I was saying, Brother, they have ever since beset my House in whole Regiments. I ordered my Blunderbuss to be fired, turn'd

Jowler

Jowler loose to disperse them, but all won't do. What would I give to be fairly rid of this Plague ! 'Tis not about a twelve Month ago, since I found out an excellent Husband for her, a Man of Substance, rather in Years indeed ; but what matter'd that, he was the fitter to have the Charge of such a giddy Girl. But there was such whimpering and sobbing. I am but too tender-hearted, though by the Lord *Harry*, she should ha' had him. But he was the first to break off the Match, when he found how Matters went ; so e'en married a plump rich Widow, who knew her own Interest. My Neighbour, 'Squire *Sorrell*, was the next I pitch'd on ; his Estate, you know, lies purely convenient to mine ; besides he's a rare Sportsman, and not a Fellow in *England* is a better Judge of Horse-flesh ; yet would you believe it, the Girl begun

her old Tricks. Oh the Plague of being a Father! It matter'd not however, I knew my Prerogative; what a dickens, did she think to make a Fool of me. No, no, I knows better Things than that comes to; so I e'en bought her a new Gown, and set the Day for her Wedding. When behold! how I abominate such underhand Dealings—*Sorrell*, who I thought an honest Fellow, has turn'd out an arrant Knave; by the Lord it is enough to craze a Man to be used as I am. Here I have found out, that he has given Money to assist *Solmes* to carry on his Law-suit against me. He denies it stoutly, but I'll never trust him again. He shan't have my Daughter, were he worth his Weight in Gold. What! to spirit up my Enemy; to assist that Scoundrel, who by Jingo I am resolved to ruin, if it costs me every Farthing I am worth in the World.

World. These plaguy Lawyers too !
A Race of Vermin—but there's no doing without them neither. Now I must go to *London* about this cursed Affair ; what to do with the Girl, in the mean Time, I can't think, without I send her to you ; Sister *Bet* used to be a discreet Woman, but *she* play'd the Fool too ; she has smarted for it however ; mayhap Time has made her wiser ; if you'll promise to keep a sharp Look out, you'll have an Eel by the Tail, I can tell you. If any Mischief comes to her, by the Lord *Harry* I'll fire your House ; but you have a deadly good Character, Brother, for Discretion, and all that, only a little too careless about Money-Matters. Let me tell you *Charles*, you may come to repent it. What the Duce, make Ducks and Drakes of it, and then call it Charity to the Poor ! Let them work Brother,

28 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

what have they Hands for? Harkee! If I send my Girl to you, keep her from your dainty Widow—the Woman's crazy; she bother'd me so last Time I saw her, that I was all the Time in a perfect Bewilderment. Let Sister *Bet* take the Charge of her. Let her teach her to make Pies and Puddings, I won't have her Head fill'd with new fangled Notions; make her a good Housewife, that's all I wants; keep her from the Fellows. If you can find out a good Husband for her, why so much the better, you know what I mean; a Man of Substance, a good honest *English* Fox-hunter. None of your Town-bred Kickshaws for my Money. I must go to *London* in less than a Week; you shall have the Charge of *Henny* in my Absence, an ye like it. I shall pack her off Bag and Baggage as soon as I knows your Mind.

† Mind. *Margaret Williamson* is to go with her; she's an honest Body, and one I can trust; d'ye mind me, if you don't like my Proposal, why tell me so, and there's an End on't, and the Girl must e'en go with me, but I'd rather she should be with you; d'ye mark me. So with Love to Sister *Bet*, I concludes myself your loving Brother, till Death do us part.

ROGER GROVES.

LETTER III.

To Sir ROGER GROVES.

I Accept, my dear Brother, with sincere Pleasure, the Offer of my Niece's Company, and am obliged to you for this Mark of Confidence; a Confidence, of which you shall have no Reason to repent; at least you may de-

pend on my utmost Endeavours to be the faithful Guardian of your Child, nor have I any *great* Apprehensions that the Task will prove a difficult one; but I must tell you, the Method I shall pursue in her Education will be very different from that which, through mistaken Notions, you have made use of. If she have the least Generosity in her Nature, a moderate Freedom, a gentle Treatment, will be our best Security for her prudent Conduct. As a Parent, you doubtless studied her Happiness, but you have form'd strange Ideas of that; the grand Point with you is Riches. Alas! Brother, that alone will never be found sufficient to insure Felicity; she is already possess'd of this, but is she happy? far from it. Nay, were it not for her large Fortune, she would have enjoy'd a thousand more desirable Advantages. What an Edu-

Education have you given her ! Excuse my Freedom, Brother, no Education. Is there not Reason to dread the most fatal Consequences from her Ignorance ? How will she be able to avoid those Snares that may be laid for her, unacquainted with the World, an utter Stranger to Mankind, with a Mind so uncultivated as her's. Manners so unpolished, what Man would chuse her for a Wife, but from mercenary Motives ? Ah ! have you not then, by mistaken Views for her Interest, been training her up to Misery ? And must she not regard you as her Tyrant ? Let us, my dear Brother, ere it be too late, pursue a different Plan, a Plan more likely to secure her Happiness. From my Sister's Instruction and Example, she will acquire those Accomplishments becoming her Sex and Rank ; but for her Marriage—I never will intermeddle

32 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

with it, since you have limited my Choice to what I should perhaps be far the least solicitous about. You know my Temper, and indeed accuse me of a too great Indifference for Money; but believe me, I am in Reality a Miser, since I never spend any that does not bring me in the highest Interest, either in present Happiness, or the Prospect of a future Reward. Would you taste a Joy pure and unmix'd, follow my Example; make others happy, and you cannot fail to be so yourself. I have spoke with my usual Freedom; let it not, however, discourage you from sending my Niece. I give you Leave to put your Threats in Execution, if I ever give you just Ground to reproach me on her Account.

Another thing I must not forget, a Part of your Letter that shocks me.

You



You certainly forgot when you wrote it, that you had the Honour to be, at least in Name, a Christian; how else could you express yourself with so little Charity, in regard to your Neighbour? If *Solmes* has injured you, you have doubtless a Right to apply to the Law for Redress, but not with that implacable Spirit which seems to actuate you. If, on the contrary, he has Cause of Complaint—But I shall enquire into the Affair, and must tell you, that no Relationship shall prevent my espousing a just Cause, tho' against my Brother. But I hope you will reflect—Your Heart is not *naturally* bad—A present Resentment may, for a while, stifle its Dictates. I trust it will subside, and suffer you to listen to the Voice of Conscience and Humanity. I make no Apology for my Frankness, since those Truths, though harsh, are the greatest

34 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Proofs of that Friendship, with which
I am dear Brother, your's sincerely,

CHARLES GROVES.

LETTER IV.

To CHARLES GROVES, Esq;

ZOOKS, Brother, you are enough
to drive a Man crazy. I wonder
at my Patience, but I am used to your
fine high-flown Notions. What the
Duce! a Man must not seek to right
himself, but he must be call'd unchari-
table, and I don't know what all. I
tell you again, I will have Justice, if
it cost me every Farthing I am worth.
You may join with him, an ye will;
I care not a Brass Halfpenny for ye
both: An ye go to that Work, I am
your Match, I'll warrant you. But
you

you won't be such an unnatural Brother, I know you won't—so *Henny* shall e'en go. But keep a sharp Look out, or by the Lord *Harry*, she'll be too much for you, with all your Wisdom, and yet I think you are the *Solomon* of our Family. But that matters not, since I had the Luck to step into the World before you : That satisfies me ; only keep your Wisdom, and don't plague me with it, that's all I desire. What the dickens ! Must I be wherretted with your Advice too ? As if I had not enough to plague me already.

Here I am going to that devilish Town, amongst a Pack of Knaves ; to be stifled with Dust and Smoak, to be poison'd with dirty Kickshaws, the very Sight of 'em is enough to turn an honest *Englishman's* Stomach. Not a

36 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Drop of good *October* to be got, as they tells me, if one would give the Grand Seignior's Dominions for it. O Lord! O Lord! Times are strangely alter'd. All this comes of your *French* Fopperies, and your fine Fellows figetting Abroad, where they leave their true *British* Spirit, and *British* Gold, and come Home Monkies without either. Ah, 'tis a sad Case! Every thing degenerates, even our Dogs and Horses are not half ~~the~~ Things they were formerly. Well, but as I was saying, *Henny* is just going to set off for your House. Here she comes to take Leave of me. Fare ye well Brother. I charge ye take Care of my Girl. I can hardly hold from Tears. I do love her, that I does. So wishing you Health, with love to Sister *Bet*, concludes your affectionate Brother till Death,

ROGER GROVES.

L E T.

LETTER V.

To Mrs. FRAMPTON.

Maiden Hall, —

MY Niece arrived here last Night. Our agreeable Neighbour, the Widow *Osmond*, was with us when she came. You must have heard the Character of that Lady, who, with a great Share of good Sense, a Delicacy and Refinement of Sentiment, has nevertheless such Peculiarities, as sometimes make her appear ridiculous. She was married very young to a Man she did not love; a Man, who unfortunately took not the proper Method to acquire her Affections afterwards. — Age, the Beauty of his Wife, and perhaps his natural Disposition, made him a jealous Tyrant: He obliged her to reside

38 *The* WOMAN of FASHION.

reside constantly in the Country, where she had no Consolation but Books. Those might indeed, have proved both useful and entertaining, had she been properly directed in her Choice; that however, was left to herself. Youth, and a lively Imagination, inclined her to the Perusal of Romances. They were indeed her sole Study, you may guess the Effect. She is at this Day a perfect Heroine; her Conversation is really diverting.

A few Years deprived her of a Husband, who was but little lamented. By his Death, she found herself delivered from the formidable Giant, who had so long kept her a Prisoner in his enchanted Castle. That Castle, once her Aversion, was no longer so when restored to Freedom. The Country by Custom was become agreeable to her; she

she did not quit it, though at Liberty to do so, for the gayer Scenes of Life. To improve her Seat and Gardens, according to the Plan her lively and romantic Imagination suggested, now became her principal Employment: Books and a Female Confidant her Amusers; the latter an old Virgin, exactly of her own Turn. She has refused a thousand advantageous Offers, because her Lovers answered not the Idea she had form'd of that Character, and will I doubt not die a Widow, since Chivalry is no longer in Vogue; no valiant Knights, such as she still hopes to find, have yet address'd her. Alas! Don *Quixot* is no more; hard Hap for the fair *Estrelinda*.

My Brother, in spite of his good Sense, was not able to guard his Heart against her Attractions; but his hopeless

less Passion is now converted into a tender Friendship, which she allows him to profess, and denies him not a suitable Return. To this Love we may attribute that Softness of Manners, that Delicacy of Sentiments, which is so pleasing in him; true Love will ever produce this Effect. He had never been the amiable Man he now is, had it not been for the fair, but perverse Widow. He pays a Deference even to her Foibles, it must be own'd they are not criminal ones. He has even read some of her favourite Romances to oblige her, and allows they contain fine Sentiments; but after all, he is not an *Amidas*. He would do a thousand generous Actions to recommend himself to her Favour; but all she can say, will not prevail on him to mount his *Rosinante*, and set out in quest of Adventures.—She allows him however,
to

to be the most rational Animal in all the Country, the most capable of a sentimental Conversation. Our House is therefore, more than any other, graced with her Presence. He has indeed been of great Service to her in settling some of her Affairs; for you may believe, a Genius like her's, is little turn'd to Business. Money Matters she deems below the Consideration of her heroic Spirit.

This Lady I say was with me, when from an old fashion'd Family-Coach, sufficiently cramm'd with Provisions for a much longer Journey, had there been no Inns on the Road, a wise Precaution of Sir Roger's—from this antiquated Machine descended my Niece, dress'd, or rather bundled up, in a green Cloth Joseph, enough to stifle the poor Child in this warm Weather :

This

42. *The* WOMAN of FASHION.

This Joseph button'd from Head to Foot, as if to prevent her Escape. To say Truth, they could not have taken a more effectual Method, for she could scarce move under its intangling Weight. Her fine light brown Hair, fell in natural Ringlets down her Back, partly conceal'd by a large flapp'd Hat, bound down by a white Handkerchief; a Whip in her Hand, compleated the drollest Appearance you can imagine. Her Maid told me, on my remarking the Impropriety of her Dress for the Season, that it was entirely by her Master's Direction, who fear'd her young Lady should take Cold, not being accusom'd to travel. I really could not enough command my Countenance to ask, if her Master had likewise order'd the unnecessary Implement in her Hand.

Yet

Yet laughable as this Description may appear, a thousand native Charms shone forth, in spite of her Disguise—I never beheld a more beauteous Form, nor more enchanting lovely Face. I affectionately embraced *La Belle Sauvage*—my Brother received her with all the Tenderness of a Parent. The fair Widow next paid her Respects, when looking at her for some Moments with silent Admiration, you put me in mind, lovely Stranger, said she, of the virtuous, but unhappy *Julia*, who escaped from the uncourteous Knight *Don Carlos*, in much such a Disguise as that you at present wear. Upon my Word, your Features have a strong Resemblance to those of that fair Princess. She had just such flowing Ringlets, such rosy Lips, and her Nose too was exactly like your's, of the *Grecian* Form. I hope

hope you will admit me into your Friendship, and on some future Occasion, favour me with the Recital of your Adventures.—My Niece blush'd, and not knowing what Answer to make, very prudently made none.—I saw her Embarrassment, and by addressing my Discourse to the Widow, diverted her Attention from the disconcerted *Henrietta*, who soon after retired to her Apartment. She return'd to us in less than an Hour, having first changed her Dress; and now, indeed, she was truly lovely.

Her Behaviour discover'd nothing of that aukward Rusticity, that might have been expected from the Retirement in which she has lived. She is modest and timid, and speaks seldom; but when she does, discovers natural, though uncultivated good Sense. There is an
Air

Air of Melancholy visible in her Face, for which I cannot account in a Person so young, unless it be owing to a naturally pensive Temper, strengthen'd perhaps, by the too great Severity of her Father; who, though I am persuaded he has a true Affection for her, has not taken the most pleasing Method to convince her of it. I hope however, she will, by mixing with Society, and partaking of chearful Amusements, be restored to that Spirit and Vivacity so natural to Youth.—'Tis, indeed, no Wonder, to see her a little grave amongst such perfect Strangers as we are to her. I trust a few Days will deliver her from a Restraint which must be painful. It shall be my Study to render her new Situation agreeable, as I already find myself deeply interested in Favour of my lovely Charge.—Adieu my Friend, I doubt not you will

46 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

will now gladly dismiss, for the present, your

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER VI.

To the SAME.

Maiden Hall, —

I SHALL make no Apology for renewing the Subject of my Niece, since you so kindly interest yourself in her Favour. You desire me to be very minute; you think there must be something uncommonly amiable in a Beauty so unaffected, so unconscious of her Charms. You are not mistaken, what she has lost in modish Accomplishments, is gained in modest Diffidence; her native Graces supply the Place of those she might have acquired, and,
at

at the same Time, preserve her from that Vanity so common in handsome young People of our Sex: Not that I approve of that Ignorance in which she has been brought up, far from it. Her Mind ought certainly to have been more cultivated; but her natural good Sense, and an engaging Disposition, have in a great Measure prevented the bad Effects it might otherwise have had. She has scarce been taught any Thing but to read, and that she is fond of; and has in this Particular, been permitted to gratify her Taste. Writing her Father absolutely prohibited, seeing no Use for it, as he says, but learning Girls to intrigue. She has, however, taught herself that necessary Accomplishment unknown to him: She has likewise a natural Genius for Drawing: Music her Father is very fond of, and her Voice is sweetly harmonious;

monious; he wished to have it improved, but durst not trust her with a Master. At last, however, he consented to admit into his House a blind Organist, who has given her some little Knowledge of Music. With a Genius like her's, it will be no difficult Matter, late as it is, to give her an accomplish'd Education, and to compleat her native Charms by that Polish, which alone is wanting to render her the amiable Creature she promises to be. My Brother has already procured proper Instructors; in forming her Mind, he permits me to be his Assistant.

To give you a better Idea how we mean to effect this, allow me to give you the Journal of one Day, which, without much Variation, is the constant Method in which we spend our Time. We rise at six; as soon as my
Niece

Niece is dressed, she comes into my Apartment, where I converse with her on religious Subjects, assisting my Discourse by reading to her some plain but animating Tracts of Devotion. I explain to her, as well as I can, the Nature of true Piety, and have the Pleasure to find her, on these Occasions, equally attentive and delighted. Ah! will she sometimes exclaim, in what Ignorance have I till now been plunged! My God, purify and illuminate that Heart, which so ardently desires to know and adore thy Perfections! She speaks with Fervour, and Tears generally accompany her Words. Her Melancholy, which I mentioned in my last, seems daily to increase; I am greatly concerned at it, and use my utmost Endeavour to dissipate it by every innocent Amusement, that I think likely to be agreeable to her. After spend-

ing about an Hour in my Closet, we join in Family Worship, then breakfast. If the Day is fine, she accompanies my Brother and me in an agreeable Ramble. His Conversation on those Occasions, serves to give her an Idea of, and Relish for, the Beauties of Nature; he philosophizes, but in a free and easy Manner, suited to her Comprehension; two Hours more of the Forenoon she is engaged in receiving Instructions from her Music, Drawing, and Dancing-Master. After that, my Brother conducts her to his Library, where, if the Family Affairs do not require my Presence, I likewise accompany him; there we work, while he reads to us History, Poetry, or Travels; frequently pausing to make his own sensible Remarks, and hear our less judicious Reflections. The Time we spend here, is evidently that, which *Henrietta* thinks
the

The WOMAN of FASHION. 51

the most agreeable Part of the Day. After Dinner, Music, walking, visiting, or Company, employs the Afternoon. In the Evening I make a Tour through the neighbouring Villages, where I meet with nothing but chearful Faces and grateful Hearts. I hear my Brother's Praise from every Tongue, a pleasing Subject to me; it is his Study to make all around him happy. Thank Heaven! he succeeds to his utmost Wish; his Tenants and Dependents bless the Day in which he settled amongst them. In those Excursions my Niece accompanies me.

I said, that reading was her favourite Amusement: No, those Evening Visits to the Poor are her chief Delight; to relieve their Wants, her most exalted, her truly Heart-felt Happiness. You would tenderly love her, could

52 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

you see with what sweet Solitude she lifts, not only with her Purse, but by her personal Attendance, the Sick and Weak; what Reverence she pays to Age, in all Ranks and Conditions; how eagerly she enquires into their Wants, and with what blushing Sweetness she relieves them when known. She would not only have her right Hand ignorant of what her left Hand doth, but would, if possible, conceal from the Objects of her Charity their generous Benefactress. Her Manner of giving, enhances the Value of the Gift.

In short, my dear Madam, there cannot be a more lovely, or more amiable Creature; but this Sadness which hangs upon her Spirits, what can it proceed from. I asked if she was dissatisfied with her Change of Life; if she wished rather to return to her Father's; she
flung

flung her Arms round my Neck: Ah, Madam, how can you suppose such a Thing! O! do not abandon me! I love my Father; but, alas, I have no Mother; you supply that Loss. Do not abandon me, repeated she, with Fervour. I owe my Being to him, but you have formed my Mind: Alas, Madam, what a poor illiterate Creature I was, till I knew you, and my generous Uncle; nay, am I not still so; but I will endeavour to profit by your Instructions, by your Example. Ah then, send me not back to my Prison. Good Heaven! what has not that cruel Confinement, the Terror of a hated Marriage, lost me! she burst into Tears. I endeavoured to console her, assured her of my tenderest Affection, of my Friendship and Esteem.

Our fair Neighbour the Widow, is excessively fond of her; but I endeavour to prevent a too great Intimacy, dreading the Effects her romantic Turn might have, on a Mind so young and unexperienced. Her Confident, fearful of a Rival in her Friend's Affections, tries as much as I do, though from a different Motive, to prevent her too frequent Visits at their Castle, as they call it. In spite of the refined Sentiments she pretends to have acquired from her romantic Studies, she is a mere downright Woman still, and cannot without Envy behold the blooming Beauties, the attractive Graces of the young *Henrietta*; little consoled, that Age gives her a greater Title to Respect. Take Care of this lovely Virgin, said the Widow last Night, in taking Leave; I should not be surprised,

prised, should she be forcibly carried off. You would then, added she, turning to my Brother, no longer have an Excuse for your inactive Life. Though a pretended Passion cannot excite you to those valorous Deeds that become a Knight, such an Adventure would oblige you, in Honour, to those Feats of Chivalry, for which I have so long pleaded in vain. Ah! what was Man born for, continued she, but to succour the Distressed, to rescue afflicted Damfels, and to manifest their Courage.

My Niece smiled at this heroic Rhapsody; I have made her acquainted with the Lady's Character; the Consequence is, she has conceived the utmost Aversion for Romances. A few of the best Novels, I have, however, persuaded her to read; *Richardson's* in particular, as they are not only instructive, but re-

56 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

lieve the Mind after graver Studies; she is naturally of a pensive Turn. 'Tis necessary, therefore, not only to improve, but amuse her. She was exceedingly moved at the Fate of the virtuous *Clarissa*; *Lovelace* excited her Horror; Sir *Charles Grandison* she approved in general.—Adieu, my Friend, I am summoned to Dinner; believe me your's with the utmost Sincerity,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER VII.

To the SAME.

WITHIN these few Weeks, our agreeable Neighbourhood has been increased by the Arrival of a Mr. *Peirce*, who, by the Death of an Uncle, became Heir to a considerable Estate

Estate in this County. He is a Widower; an only Son of about nineteen Years of Age, who accompanies him, engages all his Care and Tendernefs. There is something whimsical in the Character of this Gentleman; he affects a thousand Singularities, and piques himself on thinking differently from all the rest of the World. He does not want for good Sense, though this, you will allow, is no great Proof of it; to divest one's self of vulgar Prejudices, is, it must be owned, a great Point gained; that he seems to have accomplished; but then he has adopted others of his own in their Stead, equally unreasonable. His Dress, his Conversation, and, above all, the Education he has given his Son, (for he has been his only Tutor) is quite out of the common Road; in some Things he is

C 5 right,

right, in others wrong; for even the best Things may be carried to Excess.

If you have ever read *Rousseau's* System of Education, you may form some Idea of the one he has pursued in forming the young *Harry*; not that he could derive his Maxims from that Treatise, since it was published too late for his Use; but, from a Similarity of Sentiment with that ingenious Author, he has absolutely, in a great Measure, proved what is called his imaginary Scheme, not to be so very impracticable as is generally believed. He has not, however, taught his Son a Trade; if he had, I fear the Youth would not have been very diligent in the Practice of it; notwithstanding Mr. *Rousseau* tells him he can give nothing to Society but his Labour, every Thing else they have a Right to: But, with all due Sub-

Submission, I would ask, what would be the Consequence, if every Individual was to practise a Trade? What would become of those who have no other Resource? There could not be Employment for all; The Poor then must starve for want of Business; his Arguments for learning one are excellent. Since we are subject to so many Changes and Vicissitudes of Fortune, 'tis certainly wise to provide against the worst; but I own, I cannot reconcile myself to the Idea of a Gentleman in a Leather Apron. But my Pen is too presumptuous; I am far from thinking myself qualified to decide or argue on such Subjects: Let us drop it then, and talk a little more of this agreeable *Henry*, for such he unquestionably is.

His Person is handsome, his Understanding good, his Manners are engaging; but he despises the Parade of Compliment, and what is called Politeness; this proceeds from the Heart. He speaks his Sentiments with Freedom, but never attempts to shine in Conversation by a sprightly Repartee, or an Affectation of Vivacity. His Person receives no Embellishment from fine Cloaths, nor in Fact does it need it; he dresses extreamly plain; that employs but a small Share of his Attention; he is free from Prejudice, and pays so little Deference to Grandeur or Riches, that with equal Frankness and Familiarity he converses with the Peasant, as with those of his own Rank, or even of a higher. Plain good Sense, however unpolished, engages his Friendship and Regard wherever he meets
with

with it : This is certainly a commendable Part of his Character, but it may subject him to some Inconveniencies : As, according to his Way of thinking, the Servant is as worthy of being his Companion as the Master.

It may be a blameable Prejudice in me, but I think the lower Rank of People ought, though treated with Humanity, to be kept at a proper Distance ; a necessary Subordination is established : Let us not confound the Order of Things, till, with the *Spartan* Commonwealth, we can bring every one to a Level. 'Tis fit we should give Honour to whom Honour is due ; but if Merit alone was to be distinguished, I fear the Rich and Great would have the smallest Share of our Respect. This blooming *Henry* is fond of every manly Exercise ; but, though a good deal

deal engaged in them, he yet finds Time to make frequent Visits at our House. My Brother highly esteems him; that Esteem on his Part, is repaid with the warmest Friendship: Perhaps the fair *Henrietta* too—Not that I have yet discovered any Symptoms of Tenderneſs in either; but, with ſo many Charms of Perſon on both Sides, their Way of thinking in general ſo much alike, I ſhould not wonder, if they were more than indifferent to each other.

What a Sight! How thoſe amiable young People affect me! 'Tis a pleaſing Senſation.—Do you wonder at my Emotions? Let me explain the Cauſe. On raiſing my Eyes to the Window near which I ſit, I beheld my Niece ſlowly advancing toward the Houſe, ſupporting an elderly Woman, whoſe wretched

Ap-

Appearance sufficiently spoke her Poverty, while the Paleness of her emaciated Face shewed, that Poverty was not her only Affliction. A little before I discovered the blooming *Henry*, carrying in his Arms a sickly looking Child of about two or three Years old. My Niece had, I observed, stripped herself of her Apron and Cloak, to wrap round the poor Object of her Compassion. To describe her Looks, every tender Emotion of her Mind, painted on her expressive Countenance; the Tears stealing down her Cheek, while she gazed with the most sympathetic Woe on her miserable Companion, it is not in the Power of Language.—Were I to have the Picture of Charity taken, *Henrietta* would at this Instant, represent that Virtue in all its genuine Graces. *Henry's* Face is no less expressive of Sensibility,
Adieu,

64 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Adieu, Madam, they enter the House ;
I must enquire into the Particulars of
this Affair. Believe me your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER VIII.

To the SAME.

I AM much mistaken, if Mr. *Peircy*
has not more than mere neighbourly
Politeness in View, by encouraging,
as he does, the frequent Visits of his
Son at our House. Disinterestd as he
pretends to be, Advocate as he is for
an Equality amongst Mankind ; divest-
ed of all Prejudices in Favour of that
Bauble Riches ; he would yet, I fancy,
have no violent Objection to my Niece's
Fortune : Nor, to say Truth, should I
have any to his Son, who is an amia-
ble

ble Youth, and would, I doubt not, make an excellent Husband; I think too, his is a Character that would please *Sir Roger*. I hinted my Suspicion to my Brother, that an Intimacy between Persons of their Age would most likely, where there were few agreeable Objects but themselves, produce warmer Sentiments than those of Friendship. He answered, that he should be greatly concerned at it; not that the young Gentleman was void of Merit, but, as he had determined never to intermeddle in that Affair, he could wish *Henrietta* to be restored to her Father, with a Heart as free as when committed to his Care. *Sir Roger* had an unaccountable Way of thinking; there was no knowing what Kind of Son he would chuse. *Peircy's* Fortune was inferior to that of his Daughter: A weighty Objection to one of his Character. Should the young
People

People love each other, it might be the Cause of much Uneasiness on all Sides. —He would more narrowly observe their Behaviour, and, if my Suspicions were confirmed, his Brother should immediately be acquainted with it.

Since this Conversation, I have more attentively watched my Niece's Conduct : She is less grave than usual, especially in Company of the engaging *Henry*—Yet frequent Sighs escape her. When I talk of the amiable Youth, she listens with Pleasure, joins in his Praise without Embarrassment or Confusion, and confesses her Esteem for him without the least Reserve. Her Sighs are suspicious Symptoms : But then there is something so frank and easy in her Behaviour to him, which I can hardly think would be the Case if she loved. His Manners are more soft and
gentle

gentle since he became acquainted with her : They delight in each other's Society ; they openly avow their Friendship ; they often converse in private. He reads to her ; he is eager to teach her every Thing, that may add to her natural Accomplishments ; he is her most successful Master in Music.—It is surprising to see what a Proficient she is become on the Harpsichord, since she has received his Instructions.—This agreeable Tutor has done more than all her other Masters. The Sports of the Fields are neglected for her Sake. Nothing gives him such manifest Pleasure as her Company. There is the most unreserved Confidence between them.

From all this you would think, there is hardly any Room to doubt their mutual Passion—I do nevertheless—There would

68 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

would be more Tenderness in his Affinities—Her Eyes, her Timidity, would betray her. But all, as I before said, is Ease and Freedom. Not the least Embarrassment on either Side; no Blushes when he is mentioned, or makes his sudden Appearance. Surely I should observe some of these infallible Symptoms, if my Suspicions were well founded.—I will suspend my Judgment, till I have more convincing Proofs. In the mean Time I am not much alarmed; 'tis hardly possible, if Sir Roger really loves his Daughter, that he should oppose her Happiness, where the Object is so worthy, and his Fortune so little inferior to her's. The Simplicity of his Manners will plead in his Favour: He is none of your Town-bred Gentry, as my Brother calls them, to whom he has so fixed an Aversion. Pray Heaven he may see him in the
amiable

amiable Light in which he appears to me! There is nothing more likely to secure my Niece's Felicity, than an Union with a Youth possessed of such an Understanding, and so truly virtuous.

I do not half approve of my Niece's Maid *Margaret*, whom Sir *Roger* so highly commended.—If I am not deceived, she is an artful mercenary Creature; a very improper Person, in my Opinion, to have been so long intrusted with a young and unexperienced Girl. *Henrietta* visibly stands in Awe of her, though I am mistaken, if she has much of her Favour; 'tis a dissembling fawning Wretch, who affects great Gravity, and even Piety; but she has a sly Look with her Eyes which I do not greatly relish. One ought not to judge from Appearance; but I protest, it is not in my Power to help it in
this

this Instance. Sir *Roger* might easily be imposed upon; she was strongly recommended to him: Prepossessed as he was, from the first, in her Favour, he soon reposed in her the most unlimited Confidence. There is something striking in her Figure, nay, even pleasing, to those who do not examine her with Attention. She is not above five and twenty—Excuse me—this is a strange Subject to entertain you with; but those kind of People, low as their Stations are, know sometimes how to make themselves of Importance.

A Message from Mrs. *Osmond*—will wait on me this Evening, accompanied by Lady *Die Dormer* her Cousin, who is come to spend a few Days at her Castle.—A very gay Lady, as I have heard—Coquettish, satirical, fond of Pleasure, a Slave to Fashion. I see my
Niece

Niece in the Park, she is in a Dishabille
—O how amiable does she look, thus
unadorned; I am inclined to mortify
the gaudy Butterfly we expect, by an
Object that will so totally eclipse her.
She shall dress then—I love to humble
Vanity—Adieu, my Friend—Ah, how
happy should I be, if the Affection
which my *Henrietta* now engrosses,
were shared between her and my ever
lamented Daughter!—Alas! it was
the Will of Heaven to deprive me of
that dear, that highly prized Blessing.
I submit—Once more adieu,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER IX.

To the SAME.

WERE my Pen equal to the Task,
you would be highly entertained
by a Description of our last Night's
Visitors

Visitors—Such a Medley of Characters is truly amusing. The Widow, as fantastic in her Dress as Way of thinking, had, in Honour of her Cousin, taken more than usual Pains at her Toilet. Lady *Die*, on the contrary, affected a Kind of Negligence, confident of her Charms; and, esteeming it too great a Compliment to adorn herself for the Sake of a Parcel of Country Dowdies, as she would no doubt express it, yet she took care to omit nothing that might add to her native Beauty. She is really a fine showy Woman; I was alone when she entered the Drawing-Room. The first Ceremonies over, her Ladyship cast herself into a Chair, violently fatigued with her Journey—no Wonder; it is near a Mile from the Castle to our House; then the Roads, according to her, are so horridly bad—terrified to Death.—Was several Times obliged

obliged to have recourse to her Salts. One had need to have the Courage of one of your *Amazons*, that my Cousin talks so much of, to travel in the odious Country.—Hideous robust Creatures.—Not hideous, interrupted the Widow, fair *Thalesiris* had all the Graces, the Softness of her own Sex, with all the Courage of the other.—Oh, name her not, cried my Lady, my Nerves are hurt by the very Thoughts of such a Virago. You talked me into the Horrors last Night about her; my Spirits have not yet regained their proper Tone.—The Widow shrugged up her Shoulders, amazed at such want of Taste.—A Pause ensued, during which her Ladyship yawned—Fluttered her Fan with a truly modish Indolence; then rising with a careless vacant Face, surveyed the Pictures, humming an *Italian Air*; made a Pause at the Glass;

adjusted her Head-dress; seating herself at the Harpsichord, ran over half a Tune—Rising, do you play Madam, said she, turning to me;—a little.—Oh, one had need of every Amusement to kill the tedious Hours in this joyless Country. I am passionately fond of Music—'tis a rational, an agreeable Entertainment, returned I.—Rational, repeated she, with a Smile, do you always study that in your Diversions?—I hope you don't think them the worse for being so, answered I.—Ah, I never think about the Matter, cried she, carelessly, but I suppose I shall now have Time enough to make Reflections—a dreary Prospect.—Pray how do you make Shift to huddle over the tedious Day? My Cousin astonished me this Morning. Would you believe it, she declares herself utterly ignorant of dear bewitching Quadrille. My Stars! What has

has she been doing all her Life, since she knows not that.—Doing, cried the Widow with Disdain, what ought I to have done, but improve my Mind by Study.—Really, *Die*, you have the most unaccountable Ideas, the strangest Sentiments ; were they a little more refined, you would a good deal resemble the gay *Clelia*. Don't blush, Cousin ; it must be owned she was rather imprudent, but she was strictly virtuous nevertheless.—Blush, repeated her Ladyship, bursting into a loud Laugh—horrid.—Your *Clelia* might be a Vestal, for any Thing I know ; but were she the contrary, the Comparison would hardly provoke me to such a Symptom of Rusticity and want of Breeding.—Blush indeed ! That is really a diverting Accusation.—Why, I hope, cried Mrs. *Osmond*, you would not be ashamed of such a Proof of Modesty. Let me tell

76 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

you, Cousin, the most virtuous, the most illustrious Princesses.—I think you will hardly accuse them of want of Breeding or Rusticity—yet their blooming Cheeks disdained not that Mark of modest Diffidence, so lovely in our Sex. The Poet elegantly describes a fine Woman, when he says,

———*Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so divinely
wrought,
That you would almost swear her Body
thought.*

Ah Lard, Cousin, cried my Lady, you are for ever carrying us back to the Age of *Methuselah*. This it is to be so little acquainted with the *Beau Monde*. Take a Trip to the dear Town, and you will soon lose those hideous *Antidiluvian* Notions.

I for-

I forgot to mention *Penelope*, who sat with primmed up Mouth, sometimes unscrewed, to give Vent to that Disdain, her Countenance now and then expressed at her Ladyship's Levity: She was placed exactly under the Portrait of my Grandmother. The Formality of her Appearance—Eyes fixed—Hands folded—you would have taken her for one of the Family Pictures slipped out of its Frame.—My Lady at last discomposed her Gravity—there had been a Pause of some Moments, when suddenly turning to *Penelope*—Speak, cried she, raising her Voice and clapping her on the Shoulder, 'Art thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd, thou bringest such a questionable Shape.'—The prim Virgin started almost from her Seat at this unexpected Address. Her Mouth opened to answer, when a

loud Laugh from her Ladyship dashed the rising Purpose, and it closed again in silent Scorn.

At that Moment the Door opened, and my Niece, followed by young *Peircy*, made her Appearance.—She was dressed in a flowing Negligee of white Lutestring; her fine Hair carelessly fastened up with a Diamond Comb; no other Ornament on her Head: A Sprig of Jessamine, mixed with Rose-buds, in her Breast. I think I never, in my Life, saw a more lovely Creature.—My Lady rose—she surveyed her from Head to Foot, with uneasy Attention; then stealing a Look at her own dear Person in the Glass, assumed an Air half disdainful, and withdrawing her Eyes from an Object too mortifying for her Vanity, fixed them in Turn on the blooming *Henry*.
Plain

Plain as his Habit was, his graceful Person, his expressive Countenance, Youth, Health, and Vivacity, painted on it, could not fail to attract her Admiration—it visibly did. She paid a slight Compliment to *Henry*, and, with easy modish Assurance, addressed the Youth, whom she endeavoured to engage in Conversation; said a thousand lively Things, to which, however, he did not pay the most courtly Attention. Though a little piqued at his Behaviour, she yet determined not to give up the Hopes of a Conquest, which she believed due to her Charms.—A Conquest that would serve to amuse her, during her Stay in the Country; which, without such an Adventure, would, to use her own Terms, be horridly stupid. —Finding he had a Taste for Music, she begun to display her Eloquence on that Subject; ran on in Praise of

80 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Operas, Oratorios, &c. &c. the former, however, much the most to her Taste. —*Scoti* was a divine Creature—*Eliza* enchanting.—*Henry* allowed with great Composure, that they had both Merit ; but he did not think they deserved the very high Encomiums she bestowed on them.—My Lady was astonished. How could he talk of the divine Creatures without Rapture !—Well, positively she was in Extacy at the bare mention of them—then tripping to the Harpsichord—do you remember this Air—playing.—*Peirce* understands but little of Gallantry ; he did not so much as rise from his Seat to listen.—O thou Insensible ! cried she, for whom even Music has no Charms. Come here— which is your favourite Air ? I have a violent Passion for Music this Evening —he approached.—I resign my Seat to you, said she, since I know you are Master

Master of the Instrument.—Play me that charming Duet, pointing to it—perhaps I may accompany you with my Voice.—He performed with his usual Taste and Elegance: She sung agreeably, though intolerably affected.—On his playing one of the Symphonies she turned to the Widow, who stood near her—Ah, *je suis ravie—mon Dieu, qu'il est charmant!*—You don't understand French, Sir, smiling.—Not at present, answered he, in the same Tone. With a pretty Air, she reached over his Shoulder to turn the Leaves—their Hands met.—A Beau would have seized an Opportunity so favourable, for pressing one of the finest white Hands in the World; but, as I before said, he has but little Notion of fashionable Gallantry. He suffered her to withdraw it without the least Interruption.—Her insinuating Coquetry had no

Effect on him. He rose when the Song was finished, and, with an Air of amiable Softness, taking *Henrietta* by the Hand, intreated her to oblige him in her Turn. She blushed.—I ought not, said she modestly, to refuse, because I cannot excel.—I shall play with great Disadvantage after her Ladyship; but there is some Merit in being humble enough to shew my Inferiority.—He led her to the Instrument.—It was now my Lady's Turn to be inattentive.—She was suddenly seized with an Inclination to be talking to *Penelope*, who sat at the farther End of the Apartment. She continued chatting to her with an Appearance of Vivacity, till my Niece resumed her Place.

As the Evening was remarkably fine, I proposed drinking Tea in the Grove; every one was pleased with the Scheme.

Ah!

Ah! exclaimed Lady Die, it will positively be quite the Thing—So much in the rural Stile.—Well! I shall absolutely grow violently fond of the Country: I find this will perfectly suit my Cousin's Taste, if we had but a few Adventures to relate now—*Allons donc.* Let us hasten to the leafy Shade—She arose singing,

*Where every Shepherd tells his Tale,
Under the Hawthorn in the Dale.*

Henry was again deficient in Politeness: He suffered her to go without offering his Hand.—Ah *Rustic!* Worse than *Gothic*, cried she, with a gay Air—Come on, my *Cymon*, it will be strange if *Iphigenia* cannot polish you; Then taking her Cousin by the Arm, away she fluttered. In the Park we met my Brother and the elder *Peirce*, they joined us. We placed ourselves on the

mossy Seats; every one was gay and in Spirits. Our Situation gave a more than usually romantic Turn to the Imagination of *Mrs. Osmond*. She happened to be next me. She talked in Heroics, and entertained me with some of the most remarkable Adventures of her favourite Knight.

At *Henry's* Desire my Niece had brought her Lute. They were at some Distance from the rest of the Company, he attentively listening to her gentle soothing Strains—My Lady would, I believe, gladly have changed her Situation.—Chance had placed her near his Father, who talked to her, with great Earnestness, on the original Equality of Mankind, the Laws of Nature, and the bad Effects of Arts and Sciences—Nothing like adapting the Discourse to the Capacity of the Hearer.

—It

—It must be owned he chose a Subject extremely proper for the Ear of a fine Lady.—Pleased with one she looked on as so great an Original, with one on whom she could display her Talents for Ridicule, she listened to him with an arch Composure. Her Answers were full of Spirit ; and had he not been so well convinced of his own Wisdom, he must have been sensible of the Satire they contained. I took Notice of it to him afterwards ; for he is undoubtedly, with all his Oddities, a Man of Sense ; my Freedom was therefore the less likely to give Offence. I did her the Honour to treat her like a reasonable Woman, said he—if she is not so, her Scorn will very little affect me.—Adieu, my Friend—what a Packet of Trifles is here ! But 'tis your own Fault. You command me to write, and I have at present nothing more
im-

important : But I need make no Apology, since my Motive, which is to oblige, will make Amends for every Defect.—Your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER X.

From Lady DIANA DORMER to Miss BRUDNELL.

O! This Cousin of mine is 'a thousand Times more ridiculous than you can possibly imagine; yet I was ready to die with laughing, at the droll Picture your lively Imagination drew of her: But believe me *Brudnell*, it comes far short of the Original.—Her Damsel too, who by the by, has never opened her Lips since my Arrival!—Ah! I shall positively begin to give Credit

Credit to some of those surprising Relations my Cousin entertains me with; for what but Magic, could so long stop the Motion of a Female Tongue? Ha, ha, ha!—'Tis impossible to think of this antiquated starched Virgin without laughing. She looks as if she was congealed, as our gay Friend *Makenzie* used to say of your prim ones. What a Piece of still Life!—Fond of Dress to the last—divest a Woman of that Passion, and I'll give you Credit for one Miracle at least—Pink Ribbon from Head to Foot—Never makes her Appearance without a flourishing Nose-gay of party colour'd Flowers—I can compare her to nothing but a Milk-maid's Garland—she is so dizen'd out. These same Pink Ribbons have a very pretty Effect on her Mahogany Complexion. A sharp red Nose too, of such an enormous Length, that I absolutely thought,

88 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

thought, the first Time I saw her, she had, by Way of a Piece of Country Wit, put a Case over it, to excite my Mirth by the Drollery of her Appearance. Accordingly thinking it Time for her to appear in *propria Persona*, or rather *propria Nosa*, I very innocently bid her unmask ; but a Blush of Indignation, Scarlet deep, convinced me of my Mistake.

No ! you are quite mistaken—You don't know how eminently I possess the Virtue of Patience. I am determin'd, in Spite of the Temptations you mention, to sojourn here the intended three Months.—You are astonish'd—but listen, and your Wonder will cease. Do you know I am violently, passionately, in love.—In love !—True as you are alive—in the Name of wonder, whom could you meet with ? are you
not

not in the stupid Country? a thousand Miles from every rational Soul.—Softly *Brudnell*, there is a certain Youth—*ab qu'il à des agrémens le charmant Berger!*—My Plan of Life is fixed—yes, I bid an eternal Adieu to Courts, give me a Cottage and *Harry Peirce*.—Don't you think this Hand would admirably become a Sheephook—Heavens! 'tis absolutely a delightful Scheme—heigh ho! I am going to be very grave—well may I sigh—I have a Rival *Brudnell*: Ah! too sure I have a Rival—A pretty little demure Damsel, to do her Justice.—*Harry*, the stupid *Harry*—mortifying Truth—prefers the gentle Rustic—tell it not in *Gath*, publish it not in *Askelon*—prefers her to the gay *Diana*, with all her Airs and Graces—No, I positively will never submit to this, he shall do me Justice in spite of himself.—Ah! did I tell you what a learn'd Conversation

sation I had with his Father—There never was any Thing half so ridiculous—Well, thank my Stars, there is no fear my satirical Talents should rust for want of Employment—Here's Store of Fools to exercise them on.

Heavens! How is it possible I should so long defer the Relation of my last Night's Adventure! By the bye, I am not half recover'd from my Fright—*Brudnell*, I was within an Ace of taking a watery Voyage to the other World—a Lover's Leap—but all in vain—it has lost its antient Virtue; The slight Sprinkling I had, only augments the Flame: Nature is not so easily conquered.—A River runs at the Bottom of my Sister Dowager's Garden—The good Woman dignifies it by the Appellation of a purling Stream—A pretty Stream indeed! five Feet deep—On

The WOMAN of FASHION. 91

—On this she has a Barge—A Gondola in her Language—the *Groves's*, *Peircys*, &c. spent the Day with us; we were to have Music, and a little Collation on the Water. I had a thousand Fears, agreeable to the Delicacy of a fine Lady—they press'd me to be of the Party. *Harry* spoke—his Voice sweeter than Music—Ah! there was no resisting his Eloquence—we embark'd—My Cousin repeating,

*Her Barge along the Silver Cidnus
row'd,*

*The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wrought
with Gold.*

It was my Ladyship, I presume, that put her in mind of *Cleopatra*, no Disparagement to her Queenship—I placed myself next my Knight—scream'd at every Motion—his Arm was of Service—I did not fail to make use of it—

Henrietta

Henrietta as meek as a Lamb. Oh ! those Country Girls have no Notion of that Embellisher of Manners—modish Affectation.—She, soft Soul, took my Behaviour literally, and was mighty solicitous to remove my Fears.—The insensible *Harry*—after all, I hate him heartily for his Rusticity—was as composed as you please—heard my Screams with all the Indifference of a Stoic Philosopher. I could have found in my Heart to have push'd his little Idol into the River, only to try if he had any Feeling or Sensibility ; when behold—I tremble while I recollect the horrid Accident—a Gust of Wind gave a sudden Motion to the Barge—I had not Time to prepare myself against the Shock, it struck with Violence on a Bank. Up I sprung, truly frighten'd—my Head grew giddy—all this was in an Instant.—Endeavouring to resume

fume my Seat, my Foot slipp'd—over
I fell—*Harry* plunged in, seized me by
my Gown, and dragg'd me to Shore
—Heavens! what a dreadful Adven-
ture!—I swoon'd—on recovering, found
myself on my Bed, my Cousin, her
Confident, and all the Damsels of the
Castle weeping round—no *Harry* tho'
—They had almost stifled me with
Hartshorn and burnt Feathers; I real-
ly believe they had consumed the Plu-
mage of half the Poultry in the Coun-
try.—I scream'd for my *Abigail*. Hor-
rid! cry'd I, I expire with those odious
Scents.—*Bennett* approach'd, and re-
ceived Orders to perfume the Room.—
Those Country Folks have the strong-
est Nerves—ah! they have no Notion
how to treat a delicate fine Lady.

The Confusion a little subsided, my
Cousin dismissed the Attendants, and
seating

94 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

seating herself by my Bedside, begun to console me by proving, that others had met with Adventures equally unfortunate.—Princess somebody—I forget who, met with an Accident of the same Nature, and was relieved by Don somebody else, who from that Moment vow'd himself a Knight, and for her Sake perform'd a thousand valiant Actions; as a Reward for which he was, after several Years Constancy and unabated Love, permitted to kiss the Hem of her Garment.—Ah! interrupted I, but where is my Knight all this while? —Perhaps at many Miles Distance, answered she gravely; I have long ago discover'd in him the antient Spirit of Chivalry—I hope he will one Day rise to Fame by his valorous Deeds—Be satisfied he will spread the Reputation of your Beauty far and near. I doubt not he is already set out in Quest of
Ad-

Adventures. — Ah! Heaven forbid, cry'd I; I would far rather he were set out on a Visit to your Castle.—'Tis well he has the Civility to come at last. —Adieu, *Brudnell*, I see him this Moment dismount at the Gate—the dear Creature—I fly to receive him.—*Henrietta*, I defy thy Charms.—Now or never—I look like—I can't say what, least you should accuse me of Vanity. *Allons pour la charmante tete à tete*——
Your's.

DIANA D.

LETTER XI.

To CHARLES GROVES, *Esq;*

I Thank ye Brother, I was plaguy uneasy, I can tell you, till I got your last, dated the 21st. I wanted to hear about *Henny*—what a Dickins!
Dost

Dost think I have no natural Affection. By the Lord *Harry*, I loves my Girl, as well as any Father in *England* does his Child; aye, or any Man in the World, and that's a bold Word.— Well Brother, and so they spin out my Law-suit devilish slowly, and empty my Pockets as fast as they can. A Man had need to be made of Money to live in this cursed Town, and one gets nothing but Gewgaws for one's Money neither. So there I went to the Play, as they call it—Play, indeed! Faith, Brother, I think it was, past a Joke: I am sure it brought Tears into my Eyes, for there was a poor Woman, and deadly well dress'd too, for that Matter; and so she went a begging to her Husband's Father: And would you believe it, the old hard hearted Rascal turn'd her out of Doors, Child and all, Bag and Baggage. I am sure it has learnt

learnt me a Lesson I shall never forget, the longest Day I have to live. But he lived to repent his Cruelty. And so there she was forced to marry or starve; and so like a wise Woman, she took the Man; and a good likely Man too, for that Matter; only methought a little too finical or so—but so indeed were most of the Company for that Matter.—And so, as sure as you're alive, Home comes her t'other Husband.

Well then, there was such weeping and wailing; and so they fell a fighting, I am sure it was both a Sin and a Shame they were not parted; but seeing nobody stir, I e'en kept my Seat like the rest. And there the poor Man was kill'd. And so his Wife dragg'd his dead Body about at a pitiful Rate, and went mad; but indeed, she all along talk'd as if her Brain was
V O L. I. E crack'd :

crack'd : So they did *all*, for that Matter, ranting and strutting about, at a strange Rate. I could not tell half they said, though, to be sure, they spoke loud enough too; and so it was all over for a Time. But, by the Lord *Harry*, they shall never catch me there again; for, when we came out, there was sad bustling and crowding. And how do you think they served me? Why they pick'd my Pocket of my Watch, and all the Money I had about me : So I pay'd dear enough for my Sport; and it was no Sport neither as I thought.—But that is not all I have to plague me; there is *Boniface* turned out a mere Carrion since I brought him to *London*; the cursed Ostlers have play'd the Devil with the poor Beast—I am sure I have Reason to rue my Journey—Pox take this fine Town, and its fine Inhabitants, say I, I wish
I was

The WOMAN of FASHION. 99

I was fairly out of it again ; but I can't get away these two or three Months at soonest. So, with my kind Love to my Girl and Sister *Bet*, concludes your affectionate Brother till Death,

ROGER GROVES.

LETTER XII.

To Miss BRUDNELL.

WELL, positively I don't know what to make of this Affair.

The pretty Rustics—That they have a Tenderness for each other, is abundantly evident. But yet his Behaviour is so unlike those modish Lovers I have been accustomed to—No high strained Compliments made, no innocent Freedoms taken—The Girl is so demure, the Youth so unassuming—Ah! she would

die with Confusion, were he but to touch the Tip of her Finger—What antiquated Prudery!—Thank Heaven, a Woman has, now a Days, no great Occasion for Dissimulation, when such modish Freedoms are authorised. But those little Villages are utterly ignorant of all our courtly Airs and Graces.—O! I have a ridiculous Piece of News to tell you—*Bob Martin*, my rakish Cousin, after trying every Vanity below the Sun, at the Expence of every Farthing he was worth in the World, has at last turned from a Debauchee and Spendthrift, to a prudent Piece of Folly—Would you believe it, *Brudnell*? he is absolutely married—Fact upon Honour—But that's not all. The most diverting Circumstance is, the Choice he has made of an Helpmate—What a Relation has he procured me! no less than the plump Daughter of a
plump

The WOMAN of FASHION. 101

plump Citizen, the Produce of a plump Country Dowdy, nursed behind a Counter: The Papa, a Retailer of small Wares, sells a thousand pretty Toys, but disposes of his Daughter, the most insignificant of all, for what is still more so—an empty Title. Ah! would you ever have believed Sir *Robert* would have acted with such sober Prudence! But to say Truth, Taylors and Lacemen are, on some Occasions, irresistible Orators. I believe they were pretty importunate with his Knightship, seconding their Rhetoric with some well penn'd Memorials, which, though a Man does not read them with so much Pleasure as a Dedication, often cost him dearer.

Well then, he is commenced that domestic Thing, a Husband—Poor *Fanny Lovemore*!—Heigh ho! thy hal-

cyon Days are over—Ah! the perjured Swain!—My Cousin, not very fond of publicly exhibiting his Bride, immediately after the Ceremony, crammed the portly Damsel into his Chaise, and, by the Assistance of six long-tail'd Greys, whisked her, with all imaginable Expedition, down to his Country Seat; there deposited his taudry Piece of Household-stuff, the only new Thing in his *Gothic* Mansion. The rest of the Furniture is grown decrepit, in his, or rather his Ancestor's Service—For, to do *Bob* Justice, they are not much the worse for his Wear.—He used, you know, frequently to boast of his Antiques. To say Truth (for I was once there in his good Lady Mother's Time) the Moth eaten Tapestry Hangings, crazy Chairs, and three-legged Tables, make altogether a most venerable Appearance.—A joyous Scene to carry a young

young Bride to, especially a *Citidina*, accustomed to Glare and tawdry Finery! —O! it will pass pretty well; she'll think it is the Mode for People of Fashion to have their Villas in that Taste: A sufficient Recommendation for even worse Lumber, with a Damsel of her Extraction.

Mrs. *Osmond* has been informed of their Arrival at * * * *; it is not above fifteen Miles from hence. My good Cousin would not, for the World, be guilty of the least Breach of Decorum —A Messenger was immediately dispatched, to announce an intended Visit to the Bride—An Answer in the true *Citidianian* Stile—A violent Sense of the Honour done her—Would do herself the Honour to expect the Honour of our Company on *Tuesday*.—A separate Card from *Bob* to my Ladyship, be-

speeching me to spare his Helpmate, and
 not to give a Loose to my Raillery,
 which, he could not help owning, she
 had some Chance to excite—Ah!
 there's no Doubt of it—I expect to
 die with laughing—I do enjoy the Con-
 fusion of those low-bred Creatures,
 rooted out of their Dunghill, to be
 planted in a Soil where they were
 never created to flourish—It is putting
 a Force upon their Nature. She might
 have made a tolerable Figure at a City
 Ball, but at an Assembly of People
 of Fashion—my Stars, what an Exotic!
 On *Tuesday* then my Cousin puts on her
 embroidered Robe, in the Taste of a
 Damsel errant—*Penelope* is already en-
 gaged in sorting her Cherry-coloured
 Ribbons. For my Part, I saunter with
 my usual Indolence—usual in the odious
 Country I mean—from the Garden to
 my Harpsichord, from Harpsichord to
 Books,

Books, from them to my Pen; hum half a Song; yawn for an Hour together; cast myself, fatigued with Idleness, into a Chair; meditate on you, on my rustic Swain, and on somebody else, whom I'll leave you to guess.—O! do you know he is soon expected from *Germany*?—This is what I have long wished for; yet now when that Wish is gratified, I can hardly take the Trouble to be pleased with it.

Well, positively I have the most unaccountable Heart in Nature: It is even a Mystery to myself. *George* is a pretty Fellow: His Presence may help to develope it.—No Matrimony, however—Ah! one Trial of that Nature is enough, in all Conscience, for any reasonable Woman. My Spouse's Union and mine was, in every Sense of the Word, but of short Duration; and

yet, to say Truth, it lasted as long as Heart could wish—and longer too.—Death did me one good Office; yet his meagre Majesty and I are not a whit the better Friends for it. I never desire to have the least Connection with him—How can you doubt my Secrecy?—You may safely trust me. I have been too indiscreet myself, not to make Allowance for others. Take Care of Appearances—A Woman's Reputation, as my good Aunt *Deb* used to say, is her *summum bonum*—Therefore take Care of Appearances: No Matter for the rest—Adieu, *Brudnell*. You are a Girl after my own Heart—rest assured of my constant Friendship.——
Your's,

DIANA D.

LETTER XIII.

To the SAME.

NO, my Dear, there is no Rule without Exception. I cannot agree with you and the Poet, that every Woman in her Heart is a Rake—This little demure *Henrietta* is an Instance of the contrary.—What a Town Education might have done, I don't know; but at present, I declare I am quite angry with her—'Tis the merest Frost-piece—Really, *Brudnell*, I am sometimes a little humbled, when I make certain Comparisons; but I console myself with reflecting, how much better a Figure I make in the *Beau Monde*; for, after all, 'tis an errant Rustic—Virtuous, prudent, and all that—But who, now a Days, re-

E. 6

gards

gards those antiquated Perfections?—
 The Love of Pleasure is the universal
 Passion.—The Men, by what Authority
 they know best, have tied us poor Fe-
 males down to arbitrary Laws, agree-
 able to their own Caprice; but Nature
 has given us Wit and Invention enough
 to elude the Force of their Tyranny.—
 Yet to keep up certain necessary Ap-
 pearances, a Woman of Spirit has a
 thousand agreeable Resources, and will
 never be at a Loss for Ways and Means
 to amuse herself. Had you asserted,
 that half our Sex were Fools, I should
 have been far from disputing your
 Judgment—For, in sober Sadness, we
 are so in general—But no Matter, the
 more Fools the better—We'll leave your
 good Creature to defend our Cause.
 The Reputation of your Wisdom and
 my Ladyship's is sufficiently establish-
 ed, let the rest shift for themselves.

Ah!

Ah! don't bid me talk of my new Cousin; I expire at the Thoughts of her.—Figure to yourself a well thriven Lump of Clay, just animated with a little Spark of Life, sufficient to keep her Lungs in play; this Lump decorated, like a new painted Sign-Post, with all the Colours of the Rainbow—The Head frizzled, egretted, pomponed, befeather'd, and beribbon'd all over—Flounced and furbelow'd from Top to Bottom—Ah! I see her running backwards and forwards, fluttered to Death at the Thoughts of seeing us; out of Breath at every Sound of a Carriage; now looking in the Glass, now conning over the complimentary Speech her Spouse took the Trouble to teach her, lest she should misbehave—Then the Bell is rung—Is the Tea Equipage in order? She must see every Thing done herself. This puts her in a Flame.

Her

110 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Her naturally fiery Cheeks are Purple from Ear to Ear—Mean Time our Chariot drives into the Court—Out we sail—The poor Woman, ready to sink, yet tries to assume an Air of Composure. Flutter, flutter, goes her Heart. She totters to the Stair-Head, to shew the Immensity of her good Breeding. Her Mouth opened—I gave her one of my penetrating Looks. The fine ready made Speech is lost from that Moment, and Mum's the Word for the Remainder of the Visit. She leads us into the Drawing-Room, courtesying at every Step.—I cast myself into a Chair—Where's Sir *Robert*? carelessly—She mutters something—“La'ship” tolerably distinctly—Fears I shall be warm; opens one of the Windows, at which I start—Heavens! Madam! I am already in an Ague; I
expire,

The WOMAN of FASHION. 111

expire, if you make the Apartment any cooler; I have a very delicate Constitution—I dare say the honest Soul gave her Assent to that; for, to say Truth, the Day was sultry to the last Degree—The plump Creature felt it sufficiently. She fann'd herself with all her Might. Down went the Casement, however, in Compliance with my Ladyship, while she sat bursting with Heat, the Powder and Pomatum descending in purling Streams down her spacious Forehead.

In came Sir Robert: See what a Reformation Matrimony can produce; he had absolutely the Grace to blush, when he introduced his Helpmate. Happy Pair! I wish'd him Joy. You did well (whispering) to bring your fair Spouse into the Country, the Air may be of Service to her—Poor Creature! She

112 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

She seems far gone in a Consumption.
—He took my Hand, smiling, and
leading me to my Seat, I find my Card
has had the desired Effect, whispered
he, you grant the requested Truce. I
must only observe, resumed I, laugh-
ing, that you have chosen a well co-
vered Rib: There's no knowing whe-
ther it is a crooked one—Again I cry'd
he; ah! for Pity's Sake—No Need of
sparing you, the Agreement was only
that I should spare your Wife—I for-
got, indeed, that Man and Wife are
one; she the Flesh, you the Spirit—
Of that you have enough for both:
No Fear then of your not retorting my
Raillery.

After Tea we strolled into the Park.
I left my Cousin to entertain the Bride,
who had hardly ventured to breathe since
our Entrance, but sat with her splaw
Feet

The WOMAN of FASHION. 113

Feet at a convenient Distance from each other; the Toes turned in, placed as Chance directed, in none of the most easy Postures; but from which, however, she had not Courage to move them—Her brawny Arms pinion'd to her Sides; the Tips of her Fingers just meeting; Eyes fixed on the Floor; her whole shining capacious Face in a Blaze—Glad was the plump Soul, when a Motion was made for walking—*Bob* let me out—The Evening was fine. We had a great deal of Conversation; his Friend was the Subject; he pleaded in his Favour—No Need of that—But mum—I answered with my usual Levity. For to what Purpose should I be serious? Neither his Fortune nor mine, will suffer me to think of him in any other Character than what he at present fills.—Matrimony!—hideous!—Besides, how imprudent would

would it be in our Situation? His Affairs are more than ever embarrassed; 'tis now too late to begin *Œ*economy. I told *Bob*, there was nothing left for him, but to follow his sober Example. Could he not find, amongst his new and honourable Relations, some well fed, well portioned Damsel, for his Brother in Iniquity. Do you think, *Brudnell*, I could patiently bear such an Event?—Lord, Child, you don't know what a generous Creature I am. It would, you know, make but little Difference in our Affairs—Let's talk no more of him, he's coming; we shall see what Effect his Presence will produce.

I have not mentioned my blooming *Henry* this Age—Why should I? 'Tis a stupid Insensible—My Vanity's a little hurt; nothing more, believe me.

My

My Pride is to hold all Mankind in my
Chain :

The Conquest I prize, tho' the Slave I
disdain.

'Tis the first Time I have failed—
Never before did I aim at gaining an
Admirer, without Success. I put this,
and my Stay in the odious Country
down, as Mortifications that ought to
atone for half my Sins—We went Yester-
day, *en Famille*, to dine at the Hall.
Henrietta look'd—Well, positively, she
is not, in the *tout ensemble*, much amiss
—But then she has no Life, no Ex-
pression, and blushes to Death when
any Body says a civil Thing to her—
I do love to put the little Rustic out of
Countenance—Though, by the by,
were it not so utterly unfashionable, 'tis
absolutely of infinite Advantage to the
Complexion.

After

After Tea, as usual, a Country Ramble—That's ever the Burden of each Day. I endeavoured to engage *Harry*, by Way of giving a little Life to our Excursion. The Creature's neither deficient in Sense nor Spirit, but not the least Glimmering of Taste—I could see, but too plainly for my Pride, that he would have preferred the insipid Chat of his Rustic to all my *bon Mots*.—I chain'd him to my Car, however, by making use of his Arm in walking—Ah! there are a thousand Advantages in being a Widow; a thousand little Freedoms are allowed us without Censure.

We strolled into the Wood, at a considerable Distance from the House:—A Company of Gypsies accosted us—One of them would tell my Ladyship's Fortune—While she spoke, I missed

missed my Swain; on turning round, I saw him chatting to a fine strapping Girl of the *Egyptian* Company—Ah! the best of these Men are Rogues in their Hearts. I did not think the Creature had so much Wagery—I examined the Damsel with Attention, and upon my Word, her swarthy Ladyship was immensely handsome; she has even an Air of Gentility. Her Features are regular, a fine Shape, and a Pair of the most enchanting black Eyes I ever saw. *Harry's* were more than usually animated. I joined them. Well, Mrs. *Cleopatra*, cry'd I, What says the Stars of your Client? I never study those of the other Sex; answer'd she; but, if your Ladyship chuses to know your Destiny, you may depend on a true Information.—And why not tell mine? said he, taking her Hand; I think you might give a shrewd Guess,

if

118 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

if you examine my Eyes.—Was not this very gallant?—They are a dangerous Study, returned she, their Language is not to be depended on.—O! you may safely depend on mine, said the Youth, they always speak the Dictates of my Heart.—I told you before, cried the Nymph, that I have nothing to do with the Gentlemen; but for you, my Lady, taking my Hand, which she examined a Moment, you were born under the Planet of *Venus*; you will be crossed in Love, and you will cross others in it: Take Care of yourself in *May*, it will be a dangerous Month to you.—Then I'll take you for my Guard, cried I, laughing. Will you quit this vagabond Trade, and live with me.—No, thank your Ladyship, said she, our Sex love Power; I am now a Queen, though Queen of the Beggars; but even that

is

is far preferable to Dependance.—I was surprized at her Answer, and turning to one of her Companions, asked where they picked up that smart Damsel.—She was bred amongst us, answered the Man, and we have given her a very good Education: Her Wit made us chuse her for our Queen; and, to say Truth, she is very well worthy that Distinction.—Why, you are really an uncommon Set of Mortals, returned I; I could not have expected such sensible Answers from People of your Appearance.—Why not? said he; we boast noble Ancestors; we see a great deal of the World, and have People of no small Consequence amongst us.—I, for Example, am well born; a Love of Freedom inclined me to this Way of Life, 'tis the happiest you can conceive; that young Woman is my Pupil; I have formed her Understanding

derstanding by Books and good Counsel; Ignorance would but ill suit our sage Profession; one had need have some Learning, to be able to explain the Destiny of others; Astrology is a noble Science.—Is this young Damself your Daughter, asked I.—O! we are all Descendants of the renowned *Cleopatra*, said he, smiling; we examine no farther into our Birth and Parentage.—I then put some Questions to the rest of the Gang, but found them stupid and illiterate.—The Man I first spoke to, and the Girl, however, amazed me.—*Harry* was no less so.—After a little more Chat I made him a Present; *Harry* offered one more considerable to his Nymph, but she modestly declined it, saying, with a Smile, she must keep up her Dignity; but he might bestow his Liberality on her Subjects.

The

The Youth seemed unwilling to leave her; but I put him in Mind that it was late, and the rest of our Party would be alarmed at our Stay.—They had struck into a different Path—With Reluctance he followed me, having first whispered something to one of the Men. This little Adventure was the Subject of a good deal of Mirth, when we got Home. *Harry* put me in Mind of the Month of *May*, that was to be as fatal to me as the Ides of *March* to *Cæsar*.—The Account we gave of the Nymph and her Tutor, to the rest of our Company, appeared incredible. I should, however, except my Cousin, whose romantic Imagination saw nothing extraordinary in a real Princess's wandering about in Disguise; and heartily vexed she was, that she had not been of our Party: For what a charm-

ing History had she, by that Means, lost. We ought, she said, to have invited her Majesty to her Castle; she should have been proud of such a Guest; we were unpardonably deficient in Hospitality.

Harry expatiated, with a good deal of Warmth, on the Charms of the fair *Egyptian*, I was going to say—Fair is but ill applied; yet, except her Complexion, it must be owned, she was very handsome; I wish the Disciple of Nature may not follow its Dictates too far. I assure you Mr. *Peircy*, the Father, did not seem to have any great *Penchant* for the Encomiums his Son bestowed on the wandering *Inamoretta*—But how, you ask, looked the little blushing Rustic all this while?—Why really, Child, not at all as I should have expected—We are born Hypocrites—

crites—No Need of a courtly Education to teach us that Lesson.—To outward Appearance, she was quite composed—Nay, she went so far, as to make *Harry* repeat a Description of the pretty Vagabond; and, to compleat her Dissimulation, seemed to relish her Praise—Let us alone for Art—Heavens! what a Packet is here!—One, two, three—Ah! I expire with writing—I can hardly take the Trouble of bidding you adieu—'Tis past—

DIANA D.

LETTER XIV.

To Mrs. FRAMPTON.

WE are in the greatest Consternation, my dear Friend, Mr. *Peirce* in particular: All his Philosophy is not sufficient to prevent his being ex-

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tremely

tremely uneasy ; his Son has been missing near a Week ; nobody knows what is become of him ; all our Enquiries have hitherto proved ineffectual. *Henrietta* is full of Anxiety ; but it is not, thank Heaven, the Anxiety of one who loves. There is certainly nothing more than a tender Friendship between these amiable young People. She regards him as her Brother ; but her Hour is not yet come, when she is to be sensible of a warmer Passion. I much fear *Henry's* is past. I tremble for him. What can I think ? That young Gipsy is certainly at the Bottom of this Adventure—Yet the Goodness of his Morals—Surely he cannot, all at once, plunge into Vice—But should he entertain an honourable Passion—What do I say ?—An honourable Passion for a Creature like her, and on so short an Acquaintance !—His Father, with all his

his fine spun Notions of Equality, would be the most miserable Man alive, were his Son to be guilty of such an Imprudence.—My Niece is here. She has received a Letter—'Tis from *Harry*—I am all Impatience.

My Fears are too just.—Read the inclosed. Adieu, I go to consult my Brother on what is proper to be done in this Affair.

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER XV.

To HENRIETTA.

IS not my amiable Friend alarmed at my Absence? I know the gentle Goodness of your Heart; you honour me with your Esteem; you interest yourself in my Welfare; let me then hasten

to remove your generous Uneasiness.—
You are doubtless surpris'd at my Conduct; but, I flatter myself, you know me too well, to believe me capable of acting dishonourably. I must, for some Time longer, delay writing to my Father; it will be best to account for my Conduct in Person. Let this Letter, my amiable *Henrietta*, be a Secret to all but your own Family.—
You, my lovely Friend, was Witness to the dawning of a first Passion; a Passion I was not permitted to cherish. But for that—forgive me; this is a Subject, on which I am commanded to be silent—My Heart is naturally tender—Those whom I judge to have Merit, let their Situation in Life be what it will, have ever attracted my Regard; 'tis a Lesson my Father carefully inculcated, though he will now perhaps

perhaps condemn its Effects—Yet I would hope, he will act as justly as he reasons.

Are you prepared to hear without Surprise, that I found Charms in an Object, whose intrinsic Merit is her only Recommendation; Merit, which shines conspicuous under every Disadvantage of Rank, Birth, and Fortune.—Struck with the Person, but much more with the good Sense, of the young Creature I accidentally met—You must remember that little Adventure—My Curiosity was excited—even Humanity prompted me to rescue apparent Innocence, from a Way of Life which exposed it to so much Danger.—I would have besought your Interest in her Favour: I know the generous Disposition of Mrs. Camply, but wished first to assure myself, that the Object was, in

some Measure, worthy of your and her Protection.—This induced me to go in quest of her—I had taken the Precaution to enquire of some of the People, to what Part of the Country they were going.—In spite of their Information, I was several Days before I succeeded in my Search.—I at last met with them—they were assembled in a Barn.—The facetious old Man, whom Lady *Die* described to you, was the first Person I accosted. He offered, with a Smile, to introduce me to her Majesty.—’Tis surprising to see how happy these miserable People were in the Midst of Indigence.—The young Creature, whom I sought, dressed with a Neatness which distinguished her from the rest, sat by herself at the farther End of the humble Apartment, with a Book in her Hand. I examined into the Subject of her Study, and found it
what

what I could wish.—I, in the Presence of her Guardian, (for the old Man has a just Title to that Appellation) told her the Cause of my coming was to rescue her from her dishonourable Situation, and to place her in a Station more worthy of her.—She modestly desired an Explanation—What you intend for me will, perhaps, said she, appear to me more despicable, than what, with Virtue, I have learnt to be content with. I warmly assured her of my honourable Intentions.—She would hope, she said, that humble as her Station was, her Behaviour had not authorized any different Treatment. I was charmed with the Spirit of this Answer, and again endeavoured to remove her Suspicions.—It is to some worthy and generous Ladies, I mean to introduce you.—She interrupted me.—And could not those generous and

worthy Ladies employ a more humble Agent in their Charity?—A Person of my own Sex, and not a young Gentleman like you.—They would surely think me very imprudent, were I to put myself under your Protection.—I answered her, that before I desired her to trust herself with me, all just Cause of Fear should be removed; nor would I ask her to accompany me, without her Friend, the good old Man, whom she seemed to regard as her Father.

He now spoke in his Turn, and bestowed what I have Reason to believe just—Praises on his Charge.—Then telling me he had something of Importance to communicate, I followed him, and heard a short History of his Life.—I found he was a Gentleman.—By a Love Affair in his Youth, he had incurred the Displeasure of his Family.

His

His Father in particular, was implacable, nor could all his Submission obtain his Pardon. The Distress to which his Cruelty reduced him, added to the Death of his Wife, whom he lost in the first Year of their unfortunate Marriage, had such an Effect upon him, that, for some Time he was disordered in his Senses. His Recovery did not restore his Peace; knowing the inflexible Temper of his Father, and, in his Turn, incensed at his Barbarity, he no longer deign'd to apply to him for Assistance.—I shall not trouble you with the numerous Vicissitudes of his Fortune, till Necessity, and a Kind of Despair, occasioned by his various Disappointments, drove him at last to the vagabond Life he has ever since been engaged in.

What is more material is the Account he gives of *Sophia*—that is the young Woman's Name.—She it seems, was, about sixteen Years ago, stolen from her Nurse, by one of their Gang. He says, he used all his Influence to have her restored, but in vain.—The Person who was guilty of the Theft, would not even confess, in what Part of the Country it was committed.—He had then nothing left, but to testify his Humanity, by educating, to the best of his Power, the little Foundling.—The Goodness of her Disposition, and uncommon Understanding, amply rewarded his Care. She is respected amongst them, as a Being of a superior Order.—For his Part, he loves her as a Father, and she repays his Affection with the Duty of a Child. He had concealed from her the few Particulars
 he

he knew of her Birth, lest it should make her regret her humble Situation. Two Years since, the Woman, who stole her, died. Before she expired, she revealed to him the Place from whence she brought the Infant, together with the Name of her Nurse. The Cloaths she had on, he has carefully preserved; he has even taken the Trouble to go to the Village to which the Woman directed him, but could gain no Intelligence of the Person he sought.

I was pleased with this Account, and no less so with the honest old Man, whom I rejoice to have it in my Power to rescue from Indigence to a more comfortable Situation.—To-morrow I shall begin my Journey Home, accompanied by my two new Friends.—I bespeak your's, and Mrs. Camply's Favour and Protection for my lovely Charge :

134 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Charge: The old Man shall be my Care. I am persuaded you will not find her unworthy the Favour I request; and I am equally convinced of your Readiness, to afford an Asylum to hopeless and unbefriended Innocence. My future Fate depends on her and my Father.—I own my Heart has not been insensible to her Charms; but however unsuccessful my Passion may be, I shall have the Consolation to reflect, that I have acted agreeably to the Dictates of Humanity.—Adieu, my most amiable Friend. Excuse the Length of this Epistle, which yet I have endeavoured to make as short as the Subject would admit; my best Respects to Mrs. *Campl*y, and her worthy Brother. I am, with the warmest Esteem, your's,

HENRY PEIRCY.

L E T.

LETTER XVI.

To Mrs. FRAMPTON.

HOW shall I begin!—How express my Transport! Gracious Heaven! How manifold are thy Mercies! You, my dear Friend, who are a Mother, judge of my Happiness.—My Daughter—my long lamented Daughter—is restored to me.—'Tis but a Moment since I pressed her in these Arms.—She is all my most sanguine Wishes can desire. How shall I give you any Idea of my Joy. — Ah! what do I not owe to the generous *Peircy*!—But for him—my Tears flow, when I think of what she has suffered; but Heaven protected her helpless Innocence.—The good old Man too—sooner or later, Virtue ever meets its Reward—he has
been

136 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

been a Father to my Child. How can I sufficiently reward his Goodness.— Her Cloaths—the Name of her Nurse—the Village.—Ah! there needed not so many Proofs, the Voice of Nature was enough.

From the first Moment she was introduced to me, led by the amiable *Harry*, I felt she was my Child.—'Tis impossible to describe the Emotions of my Heart at that Moment—Her strong Resemblance to my unfortunate Husband, brought the starting Tear into my Eye—I gazed on her in Silence, far from imagining there was a Possibility of her being her, whose Death I had never the smallest Reason to doubt. I only regretted that she was not so.— I told you, I believe, that when Mr. *Camply* went Abroad, I accompanied him to *Portsmouth*, leaving my lovely
Infant

Infant with her Nurse.—Judge how much my Grief at parting with a Husband, who, in spite of Faults, was inexpressibly dear to me, must be augmented, when, on my Return, I learnt the Death of my Child.—Deprived at once of every Comfort, distressed in my Circumstances, I sunk under the Load of Misery that oppressed me.—A dangerous Illness brought me to the Brink of the Grave.—Heaven, commiserating my Sufferings, mercifully sent one of the best of Brothers to my Relief.—Why did I ever repine at the wise Decrees of Providence!—Oh! could I have foreseen what Happiness was in Store for me, how patiently should I have endured a present Affliction? Yes, my Friend, this lamented Daughter lives, to bless my Age—What can I ask for more!

Henry

Henry loves her with the most fervent Passion.—Her amiable Modesty, will hardly suffer me to judge, whether he meets a suitable Return of Tenderness—Yet how can I doubt it? Gratitude alone must excite it, were he less amiable.—My generous Brother adopts my Child as his Daughter. She shall, he says, be Heir to his Fortune. The no less generous *Henrietta*, who already loves her as a Sister, unfeignedly approves his Intention. That amiable Girl is incapable of Envy, nor has the smallest Tincture of Avarice in her Disposition.—Indeed she more frequently regrets, than rejoices, at her already large Fortune. I shall have much to answer for, will she sometimes say; with the little I now possess, I fear I do not do half the Good I ought. How then shall I be able to make a proper Use
of

of what I may one Day expect to be
Mistress, or rather Steward of

The dear Creature has no Reason to
reproach herself on that Head. Yet I
am convinced, she does not speak in
this Manner from a false Humility:
They are the genuine Sentiments of
her Heart, which she has never been
taught to dissemble.—I hope it is not
the fond Partiality of a Mother, that
makes me see a Resemblance of her in
my *Sophia*.—No—others are no less
liberal in her Praise.—Thank Heaven
and the humane Mr. *Maxwell*, her
Mind has not been neglected, though
she is deficient in the trifling Accom-
plishments of her Sex; Accomplish-
ments too, which it is not yet too late
for her to acquire.—A native Ease, a
graceful Person, makes those Defects
the less conspicuous.

Indulge

Induge a Mother's Fondness on a Subject so dear to her; though we ought to set but a small Value on Beauty, it gives nevertheless a Grace to Virtue.—I own I am weak enough to be pleased, that my Child is as lovely in her Person, as I hope she is in her Mind. Her Complexion—Excuse those Trifles—Every Thing which concerns her is interesting to me—Her Complexion is naturally fair. They had dyed her Skin, but it is now pretty well worn off.—*Harry* told her the other Day with a Smile—I shall lose my Mistress; you are a thousand Times handsomer than my pretty brown Gypsy—Yet, I still love you.—May it not then be questioned, whether I am not guilty of Inconstancy. I think it would bear a Dispute if your Person were the sole Object of my Passion.—Your Mind,
how-

however, is still the same. 'Tis that I loved, and what I have every Day more Reason to approve.

Mr. *Peircy* approves his Attachment, and has assured me, as well as my Brother, that he shall think himself happy in our Alliance.—My *Sophia* will, however, by no Means, listen to any Proposals of that kind, till she is, as she says, better qualified, by my Instructions, to become the Wife of him, who shall think her worthy of his Hand.—Rejoice with me my dear Friend. Were my Niece but as near a Union, that promises as much Felicity, my Happiness would be compleat.—That dear Child is at Times oppressed with a Melancholy, which I am not yet able to account for.—Her Father is expected in a few Weeks.—Adieu—I hasten to rejoin our truly happy Society.—
Your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER XVII.

To Miss BRUDNELL.

I AM on the Wing, *Brudnell*.—Comfort those pretty Fellows you speak of, tell them I come. Yes, *Diana* will once more grace their Town by her Presence.—Don't terrify the Ladies by this News, 'tis a mere earthly *Diana*, who neither resembles that Goddess in her love of the rural Shades, nor in— I'll carry the Comparison no farther; tho' the less Resemblance we have, the more welcome I shall be in dear *London*.—My Name-sake has long been banish'd from the *Beau Monde*.—Your gay *Atteons* may now stroll without Danger, unless they enter into the sacred Path of Matrimony. Then indeed, 'tis a thousand to one but Horns are

are the Punishment of their Presumption.—What a Chace has her Goddessship led me! but I return.—I have a thousand ridiculous Things to tell you. Mentioning Matrimony, brought them to my Remembrance. What more likely?—Ah! Was I not right in saying, this *Harry* was a stupid Creature. My Stars! How could I ever think him tolerable. The Wretch is on the Brink of—I need not write the odious Word again—I hate Tautology.—And whom do you think he has chosen for his Helpmate?—They press me to be at the Wedding—*Pardonnez moi*—I mix with such Trumpery!—Make Haste, *Bennett*: Pack up my Things, I have got a Surfeit of the Country.

What a Creature did I deign to think tolerable, to stoop to such a low born Attachment!—Had he carried
it

144 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

it no farther than a little fashionable Gallantry, indeed, marry a strolling Gipsy!—'Tis true, they have palm'd her on the good motherly Lady *Bountiful*, of the *Hall*, as her Daughter.—My Cousin may digest this Story, 'tis quite in her Stile. But for Lady *Die*, she is none of those Kind of People, to whom *Trifles light as Air*, are *Confirmation strong*, pity I am no Rhimist.—This romantic Tale, would be a notable Subject for a Ballad. The *Gipsy's Garland* it should be called, to the Tune of, *Hail Fellow well met*.—Beginning like that comfortable old Ditty, which may be either said or sung as follows ;

*Was ever there the like e'er seen—
A serving Man to be a Queen.*

There wants nothing, but the new made Lady, *Doll Martin*, to complete the
the

the joyous, the elegant Group.—It would be an Act of Charity to write for the good Soul. Never again may she have a Chance of meeting with People so much after her own Heart.—Amongst them she may unfurl her Features, give free Scope to her broad Grin, and taste the supreme Felicity of Merriment and a Wedding-Feast; the Height of her Wishes, if I understand the jolly Dame.

I am positively out of Humour, I don't rightly know why neither—Sick of Fools, I believe.—This *Harry* might have been—How can I condescend to talk of the Wretch? Had you seen him this Morning as I did, with his Nymph by his Side, so full of Tenderness, so gentle, so insinuating his Manner—I have no Patience with the ridiculous Creature—Still talking

146 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

of him.—To say Truth, I never saw him look so handsome.—The Fellow has his Attractions, in Spite of his Folly—But so have others. No more of him then.—In less than a Week, my Spark, if I am rightly inform'd, will be in *England*.—*Brudnell*, I expire for want of Amusement. This odious Country—There's room for Meditation, even to Madness.—I'll no more on't.—Adieu.—Expect me as fast as six *Bucephalus*'s can wing me to you.—
Your's,

DIE D.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mrs. FRAMPTON.

LAST *Monday* I was witness to the happiest Union, that perhaps ever took place.—We prevail'd on my *Sophia*,

phia, for an earlier Day than she at first intended.—Business calling her Lover to * * * * *, a Journey which he could not reconcile himself to, without the Company of his amiable Bride. They will be absent two or three Months.—Ah! how I regret the Thoughts of parting with my Children, though for so short a Time.—I cannot think of leaving the dear *Henrietta*, nor indeed, will my Health permit me to be of their Party.—Why do we love to enlarge the endearing Connections of Friendship and Affection, in this transitory Life? The Pain of losing them, the very Apprehension more than counterballances the Satisfaction. Yet would I not wish to be divested of this tender Sensibility, the Source of such exquisite Delight.—To-morrow then I bid them Adieu.—Our purest Pleasures have always their Alloys, 'tis proper

they should. Far be it from me to murmur at the wise Decrees of Providence.—My Niece's Melancholy is increased, with the Thoughts of losing her Friend and Companion.—They have the warmest Esteem for each other; *Henry*, whom she always calls and regards as her Brother, is no less dear to her. She has promised to correspond with my Daughter; this will be of Advantage to them both. I have long been endeavouring to form her Stile, by making her write to me, though in the same House.—She acquires every Part of female Education with the greatest Facility. She has an easy Manner of expressing her Sentiments, both in Conversation and Writing: In short, my dear Friend, there never was a more amiable young Creature. Lovely as her Person is, the Beauties of her Mind are still more attractive.

tractive.—My Brother's Regard for her and *Sepbia*, is that of a Father.—How much am I indebted to him for his Goodness.

I am interrupted, 'tis that very Brother. If I may judge by his Looks, he has something of Importance to communicate; important indeed to one, who interests herself, like me, in the Happiness of the young Lord *Darnly*.—I know not if I mentioned to you, that my Brother wrote some Months ago to his Uncle, who, by his Grandfather's Will, became Heir to the Estate, which, but for the Displeasure he had implacably cherish'd against his eldest Son, must have been his, as well as the (without it) useless Title.—This Uncle promised to advance his Nephew's Fortune, and was very warm in expressing his Gratitude to my Bro-

ther for his generous Care of him.—
 He even propos'd a Journey to *Maiden-Hall*, as soon as his Marriage, for which every Thing was settled, could be solemnized. He came not however; and we began to regard his fine Promises as Words of Course, from which very little Advantage was to be expected. But this Day's Post brought a Letter to my Brother from his Executors, informing him of his Death. He has left the Estate to his Nephew, the young Lord *Darnly*.—Judge how much Joy this Event gives us, who have so warm a Friendship for him. That young Nobleman would at any rate have left the University in a few Weeks; you may believe this will hasten his Return. My Brother has just wrote to him, but 'tis only to desire his Presence, without informing him of his good Fortune, that he reserves
 for

for a personal Interview. The amiable Youth is still ignorant of his Rank. I hope his good Sense will enable him to bear his Exaltation with becoming Philosophy.—The Concealment must have been of Advantage to him, as he is, by that Means, accustom'd to a proper Humility. Pride is the rankest Weed that can spring up in a young Mind; we cannot too carefully guard against its being cherish'd. He had, when last I saw him, all the manly Confidence requisite for his Rank, but nothing assuming; no Arrogance, or Self-sufficiency.—Would this have been the Case, had he known his own Importance, at least what the World allows to be important, that intoxicating Pageant a Title.

I am impatient for his Arrival; *Henrietta* has just left me. I communicated

to her the agreeable Intelligence. She has been accustomed to think favourably of him. He ~~is~~ frequently the Subject of our Discourse.—Often have I described to her the Graces of his Person. She has seen his Letters to my Brother, and, by them forms an Idea of the Beauties of his Mind.—She could not but be pleased with this fortunate Event. She listened to me with apparent Satisfaction; but, after the first Emotions of Joy, she became pensive, absent, and some involuntary Sighs escaped her.—After all, there is some Mystery in this dear Girl's Behaviour which I cannot account for.—But adieu, my Friend, nothing but Friendship could so long have detained me from my Daughter. Believe me
your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

L E T.

LETTER XIX.

To Mrs. PEIRCY.

O My dear, my amiable *Sophia*! In what distressful Scenes have I been engaged!—How shall I give you an Idea of the Grief with which I am oppressed! Good Heavens! My dear Father is in imminent Danger—Yet they give me Hopes.—Oh! I fear they deceive me.—But for *this* Hope, how should I be able to attempt a Detail of the fatal Adventure.—Last *Wednesday* Lord *Darnly* was expected. We believed he would be here before Dinner, but it was almost dark when we heard a Carriage drive up the Avenue—My Aunt was in my Apartment. She had been uneasy at his Stay, and hurried down to receive him. I, little imagin-

ing how much I was interested in what followed, staid in my Room; but, excited by Curiosity, ran to the Window, to see the agreeable Stranger.—Oh! my Friend, what a Scene presented itself! —He leap'd from the Chaise; his Cloaths were bloody, and hastening to my Uncle, who met him at the Gate, said something with a Look of Grief and Anxiety, upon which they both hurried back to the Carriage.

But, good Heavens! what were my Emotions, when I saw them with Difficulty assist my loved Father to get out; they supporting him in their Arms, while he appear'd insensible, and scarce shew'd any Signs of Life—I shrieked, and fell senseless on the Floor. How long I continued in that Condition I know not, but, on recovering, found myself on my Bed; my Aunt in Tears, hold-

holding one of my Hands, while my Lord *Darnly*, with Looks of tender Anxiety, was rubbing my Temples with Hartshorn.—She lives, cry'd he, when I opened my Eyes, and, with an involuntary Emotion, pressed my Hand between his. It was some Moments before my Senses were perfectly restored. The first Words I spoke, was an eager Enquiry after my Father. Don't be alarmed, Madam, said his Lordship, his Wound is not dangerous.—Wound, repeated I, with Terror—Ah! take me to my Parent.—I attempted to rise—My Aunt prevented me.—Let me go, Madam, I must, I will see my Father. He is dying.—Gracious Heaven! added I, bursting into Tears, what will become of me!—I hardly knew what I said. My Sobs almost choaked me. They used their utmost Endeavours to sooth me into Compo-

sure, but I still insisted on seeing my Father. Finding me determined, my Aunt went to prepare him for the Interview. I was impatient for her Return—Lord *Darnly* staid with me, and made use of all his Eloquence to calm my Apprehensions.

Your Mamma came back in a few Minutes.—You shall be indulged in a Visit to your Father, my dear *Henrietta*, but take Care: Need I caution you not to discompose him by your Grief.—I will not, Madam, said I, wiping my Eyes, indeed I will not.—There is no Cause to be so much alarmed, returned she: We have Reason to hope he is in no Danger.—Let us go, Madam, cry'd I, rising—I will remember your Caution.—I found myself weak; my Lord offered his Arm to assist me in walking.—Ah *Sophia*! what Struggles did

did it not cost me to restrain the Violence of my Grief, when I beheld my dear Father in a Condition, that would have excited Pity in the most Insensible!—He looked tenderly on me, as I trembling approached the Bed. You see how Matters are with me, said he, but don't cry, my Girl.—A Tear would force a Passage, in Spite of all my Efforts to the contrary.—He took my Hand—I disengaged it; and, clasping my Arms round his Neck, my Father, my dear Father, was all I could say.—Nay, *Henny*, nay Child, you'll make me cry too, if you take on in this Manner. What Matter is it? We must all die some Time or other.—His Voice spoke his Emotion, though he endeavoured to conceal it: Then kissing my Cheek, never heed it, my Girl, resumed he, 'tis but a Scratch, and my Comfort is, the Rogue will swing for it. By the Lord

Lord *Harry*, 'tis a Disgrace to the Nation, that we should have so many Rascals, a Man can't go quietly about his Business, but he must run the Risk of having his Brains blown out.—But I think my honest Lad there (give us your Hand my brave Boy, looking at Lord *Darnly*) peppered him. Look'ee, my Girl, that's the Man for my Money; an I live, he shall be thy Husband. Poor or rich, it matters not. By the Lord *Harry*, shalt ha'un.

My Uncle now hinted his Fears, lest speaking so much should be prejudicial to him. None of your wise Advice, Brother, cry'd my Father—What a Dickens, I will speak. She shall ha'un, I say. Look'ee, *Charles*, I won't be controuled; what I say, I'll stand to; and as for Danger, and all that, there's no fear. I am well again, now I have
 seen

seen my Girl.—What! It is' but a Scratch mun. I'll warrant the Surgeons will put me to rights again.—Dear Papa, said I, taking his Hand, it is necessary you should be kept quiet. Let me entreat you to be silent.—Well, if I must, I must, said he, but don't leave me, *Henny*. Leave you, my dear Sir, cry'd I, weeping! Oh! could you think I would? No, I will attend you with the tenderest Affiduity.—But wilt be obedient, then, interrupted he; my Mind is set on't. No whimpering, *Henny*, as you used to do: Shalt ha' un, if I live.—You may guess my Confusion, dear *Sophia*. I durst not raise my Eyes, much less look at my Lord, but sat down covered with Blushes, when, to my Surprise, his Lordship approached, and dropping on one Knee near the Bed, seized my Father's Hand with an Air of Transport.—If, on a farther
Ac-

Acquaintance, cry'd he, you should judge me worthy of an Honour, to which, without this Encouragement from you, I durst not have aspired; if your charming Daughter, continued he, in a more faltering Accent—He paused, casting a timid Glance at me—I dare not proceed in my Suit—Forgive me, Madam—I shall only add, if you, Sir, continue in these favourable Sentiments, I shall be the happiest Man alive.—He pressed my Hand between his, and arose with a Grace peculiar to himself.—Ah, *Sophia*! he knows not yet his Dignity; but if he did, what would it avail, though it made no Change.—Alas! I am born to be wretched.—Look'ee, my Lad, cry'd my Father, *Henry* shall be your's—I say the Word: Let's see who dare gain-say it.—You saved my Life, 'look'ee;
you

you are a brave Fellow, shalt ha her if I live, by the Lord *Harry* shall ye.

My Uncle at that Instant whispered my Lord, and they both left the Apartment.—Why did he not, on my Father's first Hint of this Subject, take that prudent Precaution? What Confusion would it have spared me!—But Mr. *Groves's* usual Presence of Mind, seemed lost in his Affliction for my Father's Situation.—Since that Time, I have hardly ever seen Lord *Darnly*, though he is daily in my Father's Room, from which I am never absent but when he is there: On these Occasions, however, I generally invent some Pretence to be absent, and it is in one of those that I now find an Opportunity of Writing to my *Sophia*.—Ah! my dear Friend!—it is impossible to describe my Anxiety for this beloved Parent.

162 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Parent.—They endeavour to remove my Apprehensions, but I fear they deceive me with flattering Hopes.—Merciful Heaven! restore him to my Prayers, whatever other Affliction you reserve for the unfortunate *Henrietta*.—I am sent for—Ah! pray Heaven, my Father is not worse.—Adieu my beloved Friend—Your's,

HENRIETTA.

L E T T E R XX.

To the SAME.

REJOICE with me, dearest *Sophia*, my Father is declared perfectly out of Danger.—My first Emotions were those of the purest unmixed Joy I ever experienced; but, alas! my Friend, that Joy now begins to give place

place to a thousand Fears and Apprehensions.—I shall be persecuted—Oh! I feel my Heart will join in their Persecutions.—How unhappy is my Destiny!—How shall I extricate myself from a Situation so embarrassing!—I can no longer avoid seeing and conversing with Lord *Darnly*. My Father's Illness will no longer serve as a Pretext, yet I dread to listen to his Eloquence.—Ah my *Sophia*! he is but too lovely; and his Disposition so amiable, so engaging his Conversation—What will become of me? I have not the Resolution to consult my Aunt.—Advise me, my dear Friend. Yet, what can you advise?—Would I had, from the first, acted with less Reserve. Your Mamma merits my utmost Confidence—But I could not prevail on myself: The fatal Moment is however approaching, I see it with all its Terrors

rors—*Williamson* endeavours to support my Spirits—It must be done. Good Heavens, I tremble to look forward—But for her—'tis past.—Why did my Father—he meant it for the best.—My Youth—my Inexperience—I know not what I write.—My Father is already so far recovered, as to be able to walk about his Apartment. He will soon be able to leave it.

Lord *Darnly* is continually with him.—The Knowledge of his Rank, has made nō Change in his Sentiments. I avoid him as much as possible. He has never yet found an Opportunity of speaking to me in private, but his Eyes are incessantly telling me he loves.—How delicate is his Tenderness! His Affiduity is irresistible. Why was I born to so severe a Fate!—My Father doats on him. Ah! 'tis impossible to
know,

know, and not esteem the amiable Youth—Would I had never seen him.—Forgive me, *Sophia*, I weary you with my fruitless Complaints.—Why should I destroy your Felicity? Thank Heaven, my Friend at least is happy.—Can you be otherwise, united as you are to the worthiest of his Sex.—Tell your *Harry*—my Brother, let me still call him—that his Letter gave me the utmost Pleasure. Bid him excuse my not answering it, I have not Spirits. He will make Allowance for my present distressful Situation—I know his generous sympathizing Heart. Tell him I ask his Advice. Who more capable of giving the most salutary?—Assure him of my unabated Friendship.—We are all to dine in my Father's Apartment for the first Time—O that I could excuse myself. I guess what will be our—or rather, their
Subject

166 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Subject of Conversation.—*Williamson* has been with me, she begs me to be secret as long as I possibly can. For her own Sake she gives this Caution, I fear, more than for mine—You, my *Sophia*, had never a good Opinion of this Woman. Alas! I am but too much in her Power, to think of discharging her, could I even gain my Father's Consent; but of that I have Reason to despair, since he has still the highest Confidence in her Fidelity.—How much is he deceived! She is, I am too late convinced, an artful mercenary Creature.—I am summon'd—how I tremble!—Adieu.

HENRIETTA.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

To Mrs. FRAMPTON.

ALL my delusive Hopes are vanished.—Your kind Wishes, my dear Friend, are ineffectual.—Alas! the poor *Henrietta* was not born to a Fate so enviable.—But let me be more particular in an Event, which gives us just Cause of Uneasiness.—I told you in my last, Sir *Roger* was, by the Mercy of Heaven, entirely recovered. I told you too, of the proposed Union between Lord *Darnly* and his amiable Daughter; and that it appeared more earnestly wished for by the young Gentleman, than by any of us, though greatly approved on all Sides.—What Objections, indeed, could any of us have? His Merit,

4

Rank,

Rank, and Fortune, are unexceptionable; nor is the lovely *Henrietta* any Way inferior. Nay, I had the utmost Reason to believe, he felt for her, almost from the first Moment, the tenderest Passion—His every Action declared it. This renders his Conduct more incomprehensible.—Alas! Gratitude is not amongst the Virtues of our Days, or surely my Brother had some Claim to his.—But he is no longer dependent, and hastens to forget Favours too humbling for his Pride.—Perhaps I judge too harshly—I will endeavour to restrain my Regretment, and proceed with more Connection.

In consequence of a Conversation between his Lordship, Sir *Roger*, and my Brother, the former was admitted to a private Interview with his Mistress—

treſs.—I was deſired to prepare her for it. She heard me with that mo-deſt Timidity natural on ſuch an Oc-caſion ; but was more agitated than I expected, when informed ſhe was to receive his Viſits as a declared Lover—I endeavoured to compoſe her Spi-rits ; beſtowed ſome juſt Encomiums on the amiable Youth ; expatiated on the Happineſs ſhe might promiſe her-ſelf, in being allied to one of his Merit. She was ſilent—A Tear ſtole down her bluſhing Cheek.—I left her, be-lieving ſhe wiſhed to be alone.—In leſs than an Hour, I ſaw her go into the Park. My Lord too obſerved it, and inſtantly followed with the ſeeming Eagerneſs of a Lover.—They were abſent a conſiderable Time. My Lord at laſt made his Appearance, at ſome Diſtance from the Houſe, but by him-ſelf, and with a penſive melancholy Air, took two or three Turns in the

Elm-Walk which fronts the Summer Parlour; then quickening his Pace, went by the back Door, as I imagined, to his Apartment.—In a few Minutes after, *Henrietta* returned—I went to meet her—I observed she had been weeping.—Why this Air of Sadness, my dear Niece, cried I, taking her Hand—For Heaven's Sake, tell me what has happened—You have excessively alarmed me.—She pressed my Hand to her Lips—Spare me, Madam, I cannot at present—You will too soon be informed; permit me to retire.—Pity me—Ah! how much do I merit it!—She precipitately hurried from me.

I was amazed, and hastened to acquaint my Brother with what had happened.—I durst not hint my Apprehensions to Sir *Roger*, knowing his hasty Temper; but I much fear Lord *Darnly* is in Fault. It was plain, some Mis-

Misunderstanding had happened between my Niece and him.—I own, I almost suspect he has artfully excited her Displeasure, in Order to break off a Match, which did not perhaps suit his ambitious Views; a Match, to which he would not, in all Probability so readily consented, had he then known his own Rank.—Yet, what do I say?—My Niece is doubtless every Way his Equal.—In short, I know not what to think.—My Brother was very uneasy at my Intelligence, and went immediately in Search of his Lordship, determined to make him explain the Mystery of his strange Behaviour.—He left me for that Purpose, but almost instantly returned.—I am in the utmost Amazement, cried he, as he entered my Apartment—Sorry am I, to be obliged to think unfavourably of one, for whom I have so long entertained the warmest E-

steem.—But read his Letter, and help me to put the best Construction it will admit of, on the Conduct of Lord Darnly.—I took the Letter. It was found on his Desk, continued he; but what is become of the Writer, nobody can inform me.—Good Heavens! cried I, what do you mean? He is gone, resumed my Brother. 'Tis but a few Minutes since the Servants saw him mount his Horse, and ride off full Speed. He said nothing of his Intention to any of the Family.—But read his Letter, though it does not indeed explain the Motive for this sudden and extraordinary Journey.—The Contents were as follows.

To CHARLES GROVES, Esq;

“What shall I say to you my ever honoured Friend, unfortunate as I am!
—Doom'd by an Appearance of Ingratitude,

gratitude, to forfeit the Esteem of him, whom on Earth I most highly value and revere.—Ah! judge not too harshly of a Conduct, which my unhappy Fate compels me to pursue.—I must—Heaven knows.—Forgive me, Sir, I must decline the Honour, which, I am sensible, I never could merit.—May the lovely *Henrietta*—My sudden Absence was indispenfibly necessary—Time may fet my Actions in a more favourable Light, and reftore to your highly prized Friendship, the till then miserable

DARNLY.”

Was there ever any Thing fo myfterious as this Letter! my Thoughts are all Confufion. 'Tis from my Niece I muft seek an Explanation—I have not feen her, fince my Meeting her as ſhe came from the Park.—She pleads Indifpofition, is ſhut up in her

Apartment, and begs to be alone. But I can no longer indulge her; I must know the interesting Particulars of their Interview.—My Brother has taken upon him to account for my Lord's sudden Disappearance to Sir Roger. Adieu. I go in quest of *Henrietta*.

E. CAMPLY.

LETTER XXII.

To the SAME.

I CONDEMN my severe, my unjust Censures.—Lord *Darnly* is, what I never before had Reason to doubt, the most amiable of Men.—But, ah! my poor *Henrietta*, how much is she to be pitied!—Fatal to her, has been the mistaken Precaution of her Father.—But let me be more particular.

You

You may remember in my last, I went in quest of my Niece. I found her in her Apartment—She was leaning back in her Chair, pale as Death, an open Letter in her Hand. *Williamson* held her Salts, by which she had prevented her Lady's fainting.—As soon as I appear'd, the artful Woman endeavoured to conceal the Letter, but I prevented her.—My Niece burst into Tears, casting herself at my Feet.—You shall know all, Madam, tho' I die with Confusion at the Thoughts of my Imprudence.—Ah ! forgive my Reserve.—You have ever merited my utmost Confidence. But how could I endure the Thoughts of losing your Esteem !—Give me that fatal Letter, continued she.—As you please, Madam, said the pert Creature, you know best. I shall no longer intermeddle in your Affairs, but you may too late

repent not following my Advice.—
 Impertinent, cry'd I, enraged at her
 Insolence, get out of my Sight this
 Instant.—That I shall most certainly
 do, said she pertly, and out of your
 House too.—Away she slouched.

Good Heavens! cried I, what is
 the Meaning of all this?—Rise, *Hen-*
rietta—Why this humble Posture?
 Unbosom yourself to me—I am your
 true Friend—I will still endeavour to
 be so, let your Fault be what it will.—
 Ah! Madam, answered she, weeping,
 I fear you will severely condemn my
 imprudent Conduct; but remember
 my Youth and Inexperience, the Treat-
 ment I received from my Father—
 Forgive me, Heaven!—Ah! why do
 I seek to extenuate my Fault by ac-
 cusing others! I only am to blame,
 and must take the fatal Consequence.
 —Rise, my dear Girl, repeated I, en-
 deavour

deavour to compose yourself; fear nothing; depend on my Affection. I took her Hand, and placing her on a Chair, seated myself by her. Speak now, my Love, continued I, conceal nothing from me; shall I read this Letter?—Not yet Madam, resumed she, sighing—I have a melancholy History to relate, before you will be able to comprehend it.—She paused, and wiping her Eyes, proceeded.

You have heard, Madam, of my Father's Intention of marrying me to Mr. *Holles*. You know his Temper, and may imagine what I suffered, while threatened to be sacrificed to a Man, whom I could not but regard with Horror.—When I believed my Misery inevitable, Heaven interposed in my Favour—He ceased to persecute me. Weary with fruitless Attempts to gain my Consent, and receiving some En-

couragement from a Widow Lady of Fortune, his Addressee were there more successful; he easily obtained her Favour. They were married, and I thought myself the happiest Creature in the World.

But alas! my Days of Peace were of short Duration.—A more importunate, and no less disagreeable Lover soon renewed my Misery.—You may have heard of him, Madam.—Never was Man less form'd to please—His Mind was, if possible, more odious than his Person. But he was immensely rich, and my dear Father, who, I am convinced, studied nothing but my Happiness in encouraging his Addressee, imagined, like too many others, a Fortune like his could not fail to insure it.—I was then but fourteen; a Time of Life when we are too apt to regard the
the

the Graces of Person and Figure, instead of the more solid and valuable Perfections of the Mind.—Mr. Sarrell had nothing of this—I thought him the most frightful Creature I ever beheld—I regarded him with Horror—His Manners were not more attractive—But my Father was deaf to my Remonstrances, and unmoved by my Tears.

About this Time *Williamson* was recommended to him. He was pleased with her Character and Appearance. He took her into his House, appointed her my Governess, and placed an unbounded Confidence in her Care and Fidelity.—That Woman easily insinuated herself into my Favour, as well as his. She expressed great Compassion for me, condemn'd my Father's Treatment, but to him seemed entirely to

approve it. It was by her Interest that I obtained Leave, at the Request of a neighbouring Family, to accompany them to the Races at * * * *.—It was the first public Place I had ever been introduced to. Bred in Obscurity and Retirement, it was natural to be pleased with a Scene so new; but I, on the contrary, found but little Joy in the troublesome Crowd, and was soon weary of what appeared to me nothing but Noise and Confusion. They took me to the Assembly; there were a Number of Gentlemen, far different in their Appearance from those I had been accustomed to see. Mr. *Sorrell* gained nothing by the Comparison I could not help making between him and them.

Amongst the rest—Ah! Madam—those fatal Races were the Beginning of all my Misery.—She paused, and
for

for a few Moments gave Way to Grief
—A young Officer, resumed she, gay
in his Appearance, and remarkably
handsome, observed me with Attention.
He followed me wherever I went; I
took Notice of his Behaviour to *Williamson* at Night, when I returned from
the Rooms; she encouraged me to
think favourably of him; she had seen
him in the Morning, she said, and,
struck with his Figure, enquired who
he was—A Man of Family and For-
tune, they told her.—Now, Miss, con-
tinued she, what would you say to
such a Lover, instead of your frightful
clownish 'Squire?—If I could help it,
said I, I would have nothing to say
to either.—The next Day I saw him
again. He then found Means to speak
to me.—You may believe he said a
great many what are called fine Things;
but all his Assiduities made not the least
Im-

Impression on my Heart. 'Tis true, had he been my Father's Choice, instead of Mr. *Sorrell*, I should have found less Reluctance to obey. This was not from any Idea of his superior Merit, of that I could but little judge. But a handsome Person, on a Creature so young as I then was, could not fail of having but too much Influence.—After a Week of Tumult, and what is called Pleasure, I returned to my Solitude without the least Regret; nay, the noisy Scene I had been engaged in, would have endeared it to me, had not Mr. *Sorrell* renewed his Persecution.—My Father too told me, I had but a Week or two at farthest to play the Fool; I must and should be obedient, he knew his Prerogative; all my whining and whimpering should avail me nothing: *Mary* him

him I should, were my Death to be the Consequence.

After a Conversation on that Subject, I generally spent the Night in Tears.—One Day when he had used me with uncommon Severity—Ah! Madam, I do not mean to reflect on my dear Father—He meant it for the best—I only mention it, though with infinite Reluctance, that I may, in some Measure, extenuate my Fault—He had, I say, treated me very harshly. I retired weeping to my Apartment; *Williamson* was there. She affected to sympathize with me; too freely (I chid her for it) condemn'd my Father's Cruelty. If she was in my Place she knew what she would do.—Ah! cried I, what can I do, without violating that Duty I owe him?—What! returned she, you owe him no Duty.

Duty in this Case—He has no Right to make you miserable—I'd see that Creature hang'd before I'd have him, and when you have it in your Power to marry the finest Gentleman in *England*. So saying, she produced a Letter. See here Miss, your handsome Lover has not forgot you.—I won't see it, cried I; though I know little, yet I am sure it is not right to receive Letters from a Man on so short an Acquaintance, and without my Father's Knowledge.—As you please Miss, resumed she. If you will have the frightful 'Squire you must, but you are not the less obliged to Capt. *Obrian* for his good Intention.—What Intention? cried I. Why, Miss, he has found out a Method to rid you of him, and that without any Danger either to you or any of your Family.—How is that possible? said I.—You may easily inform

inform yourself. Here is the Letter Miss, if you chuse to have it explained.

Ah! Madam, in Consideration of my Youth, pity, and do not too severely condemn my Imprudence.—I took the Letter; it contained a thousand Professions of Love. He proposed a private Marriage, as the only Means to save me from a Wretch, so every Way unworthy of me—To save me from the Tyranny of a Father, who treated me with such unjustifiable Rigour.—He then expatiated on the bad Qualities of my hated Lover; said he had made it his Business to enquire into his Character, and had heard the worst that could be imagined; that he was ill-natured, cruel, illiterate, and the greatest Miser in the World. Again he renewed, with all the Eloquence he
was

was Master of, the Proposal of a private Marriage, which, by the Assistance of *Williamson*, might easily be effected. If he could indulge the least Prospect of Success, he would apply to my Father for his Consent; but he knew his Temper, and the Aversion he had to any other than mere Country Gentlemen; otherwise, his Rank and Fortune might justly entitle him to hope for his Approbation.—He would not, he said, have ventured to make a Proposal of this Nature on so short an Acquaintance, but the Situation of my Affairs were such, as to leave him no Time to convince me of a Passion, which the first Sight of me had inspired—A Passion, which his whole future Life should manifest. He implored me to take his Request into Consideration: There was, he told me, no Time to be lost. My Fate was on the Point of

of being irrevocably determined. He knew from good Authority, that every Thing was in Readiness for the fatal Event. The Writings he knew would soon be finished, and I should be compelled to sign them; nor could any other Method, than that he had proposed, save me from a Marriage, which all my Tears and Remonstrances could not prevent. But if I consented to his Happiness, there was no great Fear of not reconciling my Father to what was indispensibly necessary. We might conceal it for some Time, till his Friends interposed in his Favour. Natural Affection would induce him to pardon a Step, which his Rigour had compelled me to take. He had been assured that he tenderly loved me, notwithstanding his Behaviour in some Instances.

A great

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A great deal more he said, Madam, continued my Niece. *Williamson* advised me to answer his Letter: I did so. But in spite of all he could say, I peremptorily assured him, I never would consent to his Proposal. I expressed my unfeigned Resentment, that he should dare to make it; and asked, what Encouragement I had given for such presumptuous Hopes. Lastly, I forbid his Writing, assuring him I would never again either read or answer his Letters.

Not to be too tedious in my unhappy Story, I need only tell you, that by *Williamson's* Means, he found an Opportunity of seeing me in private; that he renewed his Visits in spite of my Commands to the contrary, every Time my Father was from Home—

Those

Those Interviews were, by my unfaithful Governess, managed with so much Care and Precaution, that none of the Servants had the least Suspicion of them.—Mean Time, my Persecutor still continued his Addresses. My Father's Patience was quite exhausted; he would no longer be prevailed on to delay the dreaded Marriage.—A Day was fixed—Judge of my inexpressible Misery. *Williamson* rather increased, than dispell'd my Fears—My Lover's Proposals were again renewed, yet I still hoped I should not be driven to that Extremity. This was a Resource I dreaded almost as much as the threatened Misfortune; for though I preferred Capt. *Obrian* to his odious Rival, I did not, if I know my own Heart, entertain the least Passion for him.

I told

I told you, Madam, the fatal Day was fixed; my Prayers, my Tears, had no Effect. My Father continued inflexible, what could I do?—It was now within two Days of that, to which I looked forward with Terror—*Williamson* affected no longer to concern herself in my Affairs—I never regarded her Advice: I might take the Consequence.—She busied herself in Preparations for the approaching Ceremony; talked of my new Cloaths with an Air of Indifference—I wept, I accused her of Cruelty.—Nay, Miss, it is your own Fault; I would have done all in my Power to save you from Misery, but you chose not to accept of my Service.—*Alas!* cried I, is there no Remedy but that you propose.—Ah! do not forsake me, added I, casting my Arms about her Neck. Save me,

The WOMAN of FASHION. 191

me, if it be possible, save me from Wretchedness and Despair.—There is no resisting you, cried she. I had determined to meddle no farther in your Affairs; but how can I, who love you so dearly, keep my Resolution?—Are you determined not to agree to the proposed private Marriage—I understand that Look—Well then, see your Lover this Evening, your Father is to be from Home. Perhaps we may think of some other Means; not however, if you constantly, as you have hitherto done, oppose our Measures. Upon my Word, Miss, you have a thousand unnecessary Scruples, the Effects of your confined Education. Few Ladies now a Days would act as you do, but I fear you will live to repent it. Of this you may be assured, if you listen not to the Captain's Advice, no earthly Power can save you from what you too justly
call

call Misery. The Day after To-morrow every Thing will be in Readiness; the Clergyman will be here in the Morning, *Sorrell* following. They will come into your Apartment, your Father threatening, storming. What then will your Tears avail? Your Lover seizes your Hand. They begin—Ah spare me, cried I, bursting into Tears, I shudder at the dreadful Thought. Cannot I make my Escape?—A pretty Scheme said she. No, no, Miss, you will soon be brought back again; and where could you go to? You have little Time to settle your run away Project. That will never do, but compose yourself: In the Evening we'll see what can be done for you.—Alas, my dear Aunt, the fatal Evening too soon arrived—How I trembled at this Part of the dear Girl's Story.

She

She proceeded.—My Father was not expected Home till late that Night. About seven, *Williamson* told me Captain *Obrian* waited for me in the Park. —I cannot prevail on myself to be particular in describing this Scene— They so artfully increased my Fears, assuring me my Father's Resolution was unalterable, that I could almost have consented to the imprudent Expedient they proposed. He told me a thousand new Circumstances of Mr. *Sorrell's* bad Character; but finding I had not Courage to agree to a private Marriage, he at last ceased to urge me farther on that Subject; and, after a Number of Protestations, declaring the Violence of his Passion, said, if he durst flatter himself with the least Return, he would die, sooner than suffer me to be sacrificed to the detestable *Sorrell*: But what Encouragement had

he? It was plain, by my Behaviour, that he was as much my Aversion as the other.—Ah! Sir, cry'd I, be my Friend, I will ever esteem you as such. Pity a helpless Creature, who is thus obliged to have Recourse to Strangers, to save her from a too cruel Father.—If you can think of any Means to delay this dreadful Marriage, do not refuse me your Assistance. Be assured of my warmest Gratitude.—Gratitude, said he, with a tender Air, taking my Hand, ah! Madam, is then that obdurate Heart insensible to warmer Sentiments in my Favour? Does a Passion like mine, merit no Return?—What Return can I make? said I.—Only this, cry'd he, give me some Reason to hope I am not quite indifferent to you. Tell me you will be mine, if I can gain your Father's Consent.—He never will grant it, returned I.—Leave that to me. Tell me but that you do not hate

hate me—He cast himself at my Feet
—Rise, Sir, you have no Reason to
think I do. And if my Father, I
paused—Ah! for Heaven's Sake, Ma-
dam, proceed. What, if your Father—
speak, my Charmer. Would you con-
sent to be mine, if he did not oppose
my Felicity. I ask no more but this
Assurance.—Why should I give it you,
said I? But, if it will satisfy you, I
own, that were your Addressee au-
thorized by my Parent, I would endea-
vour to be obedient.—Without Re-
luctance obedient? cry'd he, passion-
ately. Ah! add that, my lovely
Henrietta, and compleat my Happi-
ness.—Perhaps I might, resumed I;
but I think, Sir, you might spare me
that Confession, since I do not see of
what Advantage it can be to either of
us.—Advantage, repeated he, pressing
my Hand with Transport to his Lips,
this dear Confession is all I wish; only

confirm it, and I'll die, or save you from the Arms of my hated Rival.— You may safely depend on this Assurance: But I must first have my Angel's solemn Promise, that she will never give her Hand to another; that she will be only mine.—I do promise, cry'd I. Save me from the Misery that threatens me. Obtain my Father's Consent, and I will be your's.—Forgive me, my *Henrietta*, said he, I know my own Unworthiness, or I would not ask a more convincing Proof of your Sincerity—Love makes me diffident. Ah! should you, when delivered from your present Apprehensions, forget the unfortunate *Obrian*, to what Misery would your Inconstancy reduce me!—What Proof can I give you? said I, I ought to be offended at these unjust Suspicions.—I rejoice that you are my loved *Henrietta*; but, to remove all Doubt, here, added he, is a Pen,

a Pen, Ink and Paper; give me in Writing that dear Promise, which, till the Completion of my Felicity, shall be my greatest Consolation; and, if I do not deliver you from the threatened Marriage, then will I never lay Claim to either it or your Favour.—What could I do?—He urged his Request with redoubled Ardour—I took the Paper, and wrote as he directed—Fatal Indiscretion!—How severely have I repented my Error!—The Promise was, that I would marry him, if he could gain my Father's Approbation; and if not, I never would marry without his Consent. This he made me add, because, said he, should your Father refuse me Permission to address you, I may yet hope, if you continue single, you will one Day be at Liberty to reward my constant Love.—This Note I signed.—I lose every Thing I prize on Earth, said he smiling, when

198 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

I presented it to him, if I do not fulfil my Part of the Engagement; but what Penalty am I to inflict on my Charmer, if she does not stand to her Part of the Agreement.—I will forfeit my whole Fortune, cry'd I. That Fortune I would this Moment chearfully part with, to be delivered from the Man I hate.—If I was you, Sir, said *Williamson*, who had for some Time been silent—Our Sex are very changeable—I would make the Lady add that Circumstance to the Note.—With all my Heart, said I, my Riches have been the Source of all my Misery.—If you, Sir, keep your Promise, and free me from my distressed Situation; if you can obtain my Father's Consent, I hope I shall have no Reason to repent my Engagement.—Should you fail in the first, I trust Death will free me from the Misery that awaits me. But if by
any

The WOMAN of FASHION. 199

any Means you can prevail on *Sorrell* to give up his cruel Purpose, tho' you do not obtain my Father's Approbation, I shall not regret being compelled to lead a single Life, which would at any Rate be my Choice.—And is it thus, cry'd he, you dash my Hopes?—Ah! then, Necessity alone procures me even the little Favour you grant me.—Will nothing satisfy you? said I.—Only this, returned he, again casting himself at my Feet, promise to be mine.—Not without my Father's Consent, I cannot, will not. Cruel, insensible, he called me.—*Williamson* interposed to reconcile us, my Mind was in the utmost Distress.—I had but too much Cause to be offended at his unreasonable Demand; yet, assisted by that artful Woman, he at last obtained his Request.—I would not, however, alter the Note, but I did what to me

is equally binding, I gave him a solemn Promise, that I would be unconditionally his; but had so much Command of myself, as to leave the Time in my own Power.—This Affair settled, *Williamson* put him in Mind, that it was Time to part.—As he had now carried his Point, he permitted me, without any great Difficulty, to return Home.

Ah! my dear Madam, what a Night did I pass! I was so terrified at what I had done, that I almost wish'd he might fail in his Part of the Engagement, tho' a Marriage with *Sorrell* must then inevitably be the Consequence.—The next Moment I considered, with Terror, the Impossibility of his succeeding in what he had undertaken. How was it possible, he should persuade my Lover or Father, to relinquish a Design so determinately
fix'd?

fix'd? I clos'd not my Eyes the whole Night. In the Morning I found them almost swelled out of my Head with weeping.—*Williamson* observed it, and took upon her to chide me for what she called my causeless Uneasiness.—If your Lover, said she, who I believe has Wit enough, can manage his Part of the Affair, you may then hope to be one of the happiest Women in *England*; for surely there never was a more truly fine Gentleman than him, who will one Day be your Husband.

I am weary with writing, my dear Friend. I lay down my Pen for a few Hours.

In Continuation.

My dear Niece is greatly indisposed —I have prevailed on her to lie down —*Williamson* is gone off—now let me proceed in my Narrative.

I did not see my Father till Dinner, continued *Henrietta*, he had the whole Morning been engaged in Business.—He appear'd to be in a good deal of Agitation. I respectfully ask'd, if he had met with any Thing to give him Uneasiness.—Uneasiness, repeated he, by the Lord *Harry* I meet with nothing else—you have long been one of my Plagues, no need of more. But hark ye Girl, if ever I know you speak to that Scoundrel *Sorrell*, I'll be the Death of you.—Judge of my Surprise—Aye, you may stare, continued my Father, but I tell you he shan't ha ye, so no more whimpering. I am glad I have found out his Tricks. He is leagued with my Enemy.—Were he a Prince, he should ha no Daughter of mine. A sorry Fellow, to serve me so. I had not Power to speak, so great was my Astonishment.

The Change was so sudden, that I durst hardly credit my Senses.—What now, I'll warrant you, like a true Woman, would be glad to ha un, continued he, when he is out of your Power—aye, you are rightly served. But I say again, you shall not ha un; and what I say, I'll stand to.—Ah! my dear Father, cry'd I, clasping my Arms round his Neck in a Transport of Joy, you restore me to Life. Repeat the welcome Assurance; there is no expressing the Pleasure it gives me. You will then love me as you used to do; and, from henceforth, it shall be my only study to oblige you.—Aye, aye, fine Promises cost little, said he; but stay till I put you to another Trial, and I'll warrant you'll play over your old Tricks.

There was something so incredible in all this, that I durst hardly believe

myself awake.—'Twas impossible, I thought, that Mr. *Obrian* could have had Time to execute his Project. But *Williamson* cleared up the Mystery.—He had long it seems, been using his most artful Endeavours to create a Difference between Mr. *Sorrell* and my Father. He was well informed of the Peculiarities in the latter's Disposition, which made it easier for him to effect his Purpose.—He knew him to be as violent in Resentments, as he was warm in his Friendships. He knew too, that a very Trifle would sometimes displease him, especially if he thought himself imposed on. You know it is a Law-Suit which has been long depending, that obliged him to go to *London*. Mr. *Sorrell*, from self-interested Motives, secretly favoured his Adversary. He had, however, a sufficient Share of Cunning to conceal this from my Father; nay, I believe, after

after he received Permission to address me, he no longer intermeddled in the Affair. Mr. *Obrian* fortunately became acquainted with this secret Transaction, and made such good Use of his Intelligence, that my Father was not only informed of it, but by his Means greatly exasperated against the once highly favour'd *Sorrell*.

I will not tire you with a minute Account of this Affair. 'Tis sufficient, that by it I was deliver'd from an Event, which I dreaded worse than Death.—Alas! I paid but too dear for this Reprieve from Misery.

Soon after the Regiment, to which Captain *Obrian* belongs, was ordered to *Germany*. He came privately to bid me adieu, determined, as he said, to make no Application to my Father till his Return.—He enjoin'd me, as
necessary

necessary to the Success of our Affair, to keep our Engagement an inviolable Secret. If I live, said he, to visit once more my native Country, we will then consult on what is proper to be done. Mean Time, be constant to your Vows, my adored *Henrietta*, continued he, pressing my Hand between his. Guard your Heart against every unlawful Invader. Remember you are mine in the Sight of Heaven, tho' an earthly Ceremony has not confirm'd our Union. By this faithful Creature's Means, turning to *Williamson*, you shall sometimes hear from me; but you may depend on my Prudence.

I need not repeat the rest of our Conversation. This Madam, added my Niece, is my present unhappy Situation.—I know not the Character of him, whom yet I am unfortunately engaged to. I have only his own Account

count of his Family and Fortune, I know not if that is to be depended on.—Several Letters I have received during his Absence. That which you have is to inform me of his Return, and that he proposes coming privately to ****. Ah! Madam, what shall I do?—I tremble to think of my Father's Rage—What adds to my Affliction, is, that I never did, nor can love this Man. How inferior is he in every Thing to—But why should I talk of him? Alas! I was not born to so much Happiness.

I intended, my dear Friend, to have given you an Account of the Interview between her and Lord *Darnly*, which will account for his sudden Departure. But I am interrupted, so must defer it till my next—The Post is just going; I will therefore dispatch this, to satisfy, in some Measure, the
Curiosity

Curiosity my last must have excited.

Adieu. Believe me sincerely your's,

ELIZA CAMPLY.

LETTER XXIII.

To Mrs. PEIRCY.

'TIS past, my dear *Sophia*—I have unburdened my Heart of that fatal Secret, which has so long oppressed it. My dear Aunt acted with her usual Indulgence. But let me lead to this Discovery—Lord *Darnly*, the amiable Lord *Darnly*, daily, as I told you, gained Ground in every one's Favour; my Father was never easy without his Company; nothing was talked of but a Union between him and your unfortunate Friend. Last *Tuesday* your Mamma informed me, I must prepare to receive a particular Visit from him—You may

guess

guess the Subject he will entertain you with, my dear *Henrietta*, said she, smiling; those modest Blushes become you. But why that Sigh? why that starting Tear? You cannot surely have any Objections to a Lover, so every Way accomplished—Let me beg you to be composed, I'll leave you to recollect yourself—Ah! she might more justly have said to the most painful Emotions I had ever experienced—What was to be done?—I was absolutely unable to determine on any Thing. In my Circumstances, it was not possible to encourage his Addresses; yet what would my Father, my Friends, think of my Conduct, if I refused a Man—such a Man—Ah! my Friend, had I no fatal Engagement—But I never could deserve so great a Happiness—'Tis not in the Power of Language to express my Grief and Perplexity—I was drowned
in

in Tears when *Williamson* entered my Apartment—Advise me, cried I—Extricate me from the dreadful Situation, to which your Imprudence, and my Youth and Inexperience, have reduced me.—What I did was in order to serve you, said she coolly; but, if you would rather have been the Wife of *Mr. Serrell*, than engaged to the most accomplished Man in *England*, as Captain *Obrian* certainly is, why then, Madam, you should sooner have known your own Mind—I am sure it was at your Intreaties, he first undertook to deliver you from that once hated Man.—Cruel Reproacher! exclaimed I, with Indignation—Good Heavens! to what Mortifications am I reduced!—But leave me, I will not always tamely bear your Insolence.—Why now, Madam, cried she, any Mortal shall judge, if I have given you the least Cause to be offended;

'tis

'tis I that am reproached, I only am blamed—And for what am I used so unkindly? Truly because I had too much Regard for your Happiness, and for your Sake forgot my Duty to my Master.—Ah! let us drop the ungrateful Subject, cried I; advise me rather, you that were ever but too fruitful in Inventions, what is to be done.—Lord *Darnly*! Good Heavens! what shall I say to him?—Why this, Madam, if I am worthy to advise, tell him of your Engagement; he is generous; I think you may depend on his Secrecy; should he betray you, your Affairs are ruined; when the Captain returns, he will take proper Measures; but since there is a Necessity, I think you may venture to confide in him; try if you can prevail on him to desist from his Design; I am mistaken, if he can refuse any Request you will condescend

to

to make him ; as he can have no Hopes as a Lover, he will, perhaps, be satisfied with the Title of your Friend. If you can prevail on him— Here she was interrupted by a Message from my Father, who demanded her immediate Presence.

I need not attempt to describe the painful Situation of Mind in which she left me—The Hour now approached, when Lord *Darnly* was to be introduced ; my Emotions increased ; I found myself faint, and imagining the Air might revive me, I wandered into the Park ; when, turning into the Grove, to my Surprise I saw him advancing towards me— He observed my Confusion, and attributing it to a different Cause, endeavoured to remove it, by the most delicate, the most respectful Tenderness— He has an easy Gracefulness peculiar

to

to himself, without any of those high strained Compliments, that unmeaning Rant, which the Generality of Lovers affect, when declaring their Passion. He addressed me with Fervour, it is true, but departed not from that good Sense, which, on every Occasion, is in him so conspicuous.—I was unable to interrupt him, agitated as I was with a Variety of Emotions—An involuntary Tear stole down my Cheek—He saw it; and, with an Exclamation of Grief and Surprise, Good Heavens! Madam, cried he, how have I offended!—You weep, lovely *Henrietta*—Is it I that excite those Tears? Ah! Have I then the Misfortune to be disagreeable to you?—Speak, I conjure you; believe me, your Happiness is dearer to me than Life; *that* I will freely part with, rather than give you a Moment's Uneasiness. I attempted to answer, but my Tongue faltered. It was not only
a Fa-

214 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

a Father's Displeasure I was going to incur, I was going to give Pain to the Man, who, had I been free, would have been most dear to my Heart.—Yes, *Sophia*, let me freely own it, I have not been able to guard that Heart against his numerous Attractions: But I must struggle to conquer this fatal Partiality.—During a Pause of some Moments, he continued looking at me with anxious Tenderness. At last I collected all my Resolution, and weeping told him every Particular of my unhappy Story, imploring him to be my Friend, to advise me how to act.

I had made him my unlimited Confidant, knowing the Goodness of his Heart—I depended on his Generosity—Tell me now, Sir, said I, what can I do?—How shall I avoid the Rage of (if acquainted with my Imprudence) a justly incensed Father, of Friends, whom

whom I shall so highly exasperate, by refusing, as I am compelled to do, the Honour of your Lordship's Addresses—Once more I conjure you, pity me: Extricate me, if possible, from my painful Situation; be my Friend, and depend on my warmest Gratitude.

During my long Recital, he frequently changed Colour, uttering repeated and mournful Sighs—When I ceased speaking, he cast himself at my Feet, and taking my Hand—I said your Happiness was dearer to me than Life, cried he, with a Voice that testified his Emotion. Yes, Madam, I will give you the most painful Proof of it, that ever Man, who loves as I do, gave—Though the Hopes I have so long been permitted to cherish—Ah! how can I relinquish them! continued he, with a deep Sigh—Yet I must, I will sacrifice them to your Felicity—But tell me, Madam
—Alas!

—Alas! Can I doubt it!—Was this envied Rival the Man of your Choice —If not, I think it is not impossible, would you suffer my Interposition in the Affair, to induce him by some Means or other, to give up that fatal Note, which, ungenerously taking Advantage of your Youth and Inexperience, he almost forcibly obtained. I am of Opinion it cannot bind you, made as it was while under Age, and consequently while you had no Right to dispose of yourself.—Ah! Sir, cried I, but what then becomes of my solemn Promise? Can I dispense with that? Perhaps you wished not to be released, said he, rising with a kind of Impatience; it is from my hated Addressess then alone, that you seek to be freed—You shall be so, Madam. I will do more; I will, for your Sake, forfeit the Esteem of Friends I so highly, so justly prize, rather than expose you, by a
 Dis-

Discovery of your Secret, to their Resentment. 'Tis I only who ought to suffer, for having, though innocently, given you a Moment's Pain—Yes, Madam, I will venture to appear ungrateful—That seeming Ingratitude will convince them, how little I merited an Alliance (gracious Heaven! what a Sacrifice am I going to make) which I must now affect to decline, rather than involve you in any Distress, by letting them know the Refusal was on your Part. Yet what a Wretch will they think me! But no Matter; 'tis for you, Madam: 'Tis for the adorable *Henrietta* I expose myself to Contempt. Ah! let me not make a Merit of that! 'Tis the Loss of those endearing Hopes, once my Delight to cherish, which I lament. Forgive me—I will check my Grief. Command what you please, my Friend, my *Henrietta*, your Commands shall be obeyed, though my Death were to be the Consequence.

Struck with the disinterested Generosity of his Passion, I could not help giving him the Consolation of knowing my Indifference, not to say Aversion, for his Rival.—I told him, however, which damped the Transport this Assurance inspired him with, that, should Mr. *Obrian* insist on my Engagement, I was determined to live single; nor could I think lightly of my unwritten Promise, from which I would cheerfully give half the Fortune I was Mistress of independent of my Father, to be freed. He is soon expected from Abroad, continued I; he proposes then to ask my Father's Consent. If I may credit him, his Rank and Fortune intitles him to such an Alliance; then will my dreadful Trials begin; no wonder I study to delay them; let him, who ungenerously took Advantage of my Youth, share in the Distress he has been the

the Cause of. In what Manner he intends to proceed, I am ignorant; but in every Letter I receive, he conjures me to be secret, to leave the whole Affair to his Management, assuring me I may depend on his Prudence, on his most tender Regard for my Peace.— Ah! my Lord, durst I hope that my Intreaties would have any Effect on him, would the half—nay the whole—of my Fortune satisfy him, how joyfully would I part with it, to regain my Freedom. My Father might, in Time, be prevailed on, by my Tendernefs and Duty, to pardon my Imprudence. I should little regret the Diminution of my Fortune—Alas! do I not owe my Misery to those Riches, which are so little able to insure to me real Felicity—I much fear they alone were Mr. *Obrian's* Inducement—I know nothing of his Character or Morals.

That, interrupted my Lord, shall be my Enquiry, as well as to free you, if possible, from a Man, who, by his artful Behaviour, gives but too convincing a Proof, how little he is worthy of you.—I fear, with you, Madam, he acted from mercenary Views. In spite of your Charms, his Conduct, his Treatment of you, is not that of one who loves with a disinterested Passion—I will immediately set off for *London*, as well on Account of your Affairs, as to avoid coming to an Explanation with Sir *Roger*, or my Friend—I must submit, for a while, to their (in Appearance just) Censure and Resentment, but Time may restore me to their Favour: My Heart at least will not reproach me.

But tell me, charming *Henrietta*, may I flatter myself, that if Things
turn

turn out as I wish—Ah! may I hope one Day—But I ask no Promise—It would hurt the Delicacy of my Love, should I receive it; for to what could I attribute it, but Gratitude for the trifling Service I seek to render you—Ah! Madam, Gratitude alone is too cool a Sentiment. Should I be so fortunate as to merit your Esteem—I know I may expect it from your Justice. A more endearing Return to my Passion must likewise be involuntary; I would owe nothing to your supposed Obligation.—Adieu, Madam. Good Heavens! with what Reluctance do I leave you! and with what Regret look back on those happy Scenes, I have for some Weeks been engaged in; on those enchanting Hopes, which are now, alas! fled for ever.—Pity me, lovely—and ah! how tenderly beloved, *Henrietta*. May you be happy; it shall be my Study to promote your Happiness.

—He respectfully took my Hand, and pressing it to his Lips—Forgive this little Freedom, Madam, continued he, with a faltering Accent; some small Favour was necessary to support my dejected Spirits, while I again repeat my mournful Adieu.

He suddenly quitted my Hand, and hurried from me to conceal the Violence of his Emotions. I was no less agitated, hardly knowing what I did; I was on the Point of calling him back; I had still, I thought, a thousand Things to say to him; I had however, sufficient Command over myself to resist that Imprudence; a Flood of Tears came to my Relief; I indulged them for some Time, but at last, drying my Eyes, and endeavouring to assume a little more Composure, I slowly, with an Air of too visible Dejection, returned towards the House.

I was

I was in Hopes to have gained my Apartment, without being observed by any of the Family; but unfortunately, my Aunt, wondering no Doubt at my long Absence, came out in Search of me. In spite of all my Care, she read in my Countenance the distressed Situation of my Mind—She eagerly enquired into the Cause; I know not what Answer I made; something I said; and hurrying from her, shut myself into the Room, where I gave free Vent to my Tears. I found myself greatly indisposed. Your Mamma came up soon after; I begged Permission to be left alone for that Night; entreated her to excuse my Attendance at Supper. She was, no Doubt, surprised at my Behaviour; but, on my pleading Illness, she had the Goodness to leave me, without insisting on an Explanation.

She was hardly gone, when *Williamson* entered my Apartment. To add to my Grief, she delivered a Letter from Mr. *Obrian*; I opened it, trembling with Apprehension.—Ah! my Friend, I had but too much Cause. He informs me of his Return to *England*, and of his Resolution to come privately to * * * *. By *Williamson's* Means, he would let me know the Moment he arrived, when he hoped to be honoured with an Interview, in which he would inform me of those Measures he means to pursue, in settling the important Affair, which, as he says, is never a Moment from his Thoughts. He concludes with a thousand Professions of unabated Love; applauds my Constancy, &c.—Ah, my Friend, he seems to take it for granted, that I return his Passion—Alas! how much is he deceived! Till I became acquainted
with

with Lord *Darnly*, my Heart never knew the least Tenderneſs for any of his Sex. — Unfortunate Tenderneſs ! too ſoon for my Peace have I loſt that Indifference.

[We ſhall add no more of this Letter, as it is only a Repetition of the Converſation between her and Mrs. *Camply*, which that Lady communicated in her laſt to Mrs. *Frampton*.]

LETTER XXIV.

To JOHN BANKS, *Eſq*;

YOU are ſurpriſingly dull of Apprehenſion, *Jack* ; I thought I had ſufficiently explained myſelf ; muſt I take the Trouble to repeat, what any Body but your ſtupid Worſhip would have ſo clearly comprehended—Yes, I think I will. I ſhall have an idle Hour or two that will hang heavy on my Hands, I dedicate them to you—Be

grateful for the Favour. Time is precious, so say your prudent ones—Nobody is more tenacious of it than thy Friend—I would not only breathe, but live every Hour of my Life—Live to Joy—Youth's the Season for it—Let me then seize old *Time* by the Forelock—Now clear up thy musty Apprehension, and attend.

'Tis more than a Twelvemonth since we parted: You for *Paris*, I as Chance should direct. The Military is a wandering Profession, the more suited to my Inclination, I am never out of my Way—Pleasure, my grand Pursuit, has no particular Residence—A Fellow of my Turn is seldom at a Loss for that—My good Genius led me to * * * *
Ah! *Jack*, that was a fortunate Hit. Finances were at a very low Ebb; a Jaunt to the Races might give me a Chance of recruiting—Fortune, whom I have

I have for Years pursued with unspeakable Ardour, did me Justice at last. Nothing like Perseverance. A coy Nymph it is: But what Female yields not, sooner or later, when attacked too by a Man of Spirit? Lady *Die* was as kind as I could wish—But she was extravagant, I poor: No living upon Love, you know—Matrimony was out of the Question. She a gay Widow of Quality; an inconsiderable Jointure; a Passion for Grandeur, public Diversions, &c. &c. I, *George Obrian*, a handsome Fellow, fond of Dress, Gaming, Women, Wine; keep the best Company; shine in every polite Assembly; give Treats to the Ladies; dine at Taverns, drink Champaign.—To support all this—a Commission.—The Consequence—over Head and Ears in Debt.—A pretty Match we should have made. No, no, thy Friend, however imprudent in other Matters, will al-

ways in Matrimony, regard the main Chance—'Tis a bitter Pill at best, *Jack*, and had need be well gilt to make it go down.—Tradesmen were importunate.—My Sultana would have assisted to silence their Clamour—I thanked her, but declined the Favour. However urgent for others, I never will receive those of a pecuniary Nature from the dear Creatures.—No; let me oblige, but my Spirit will not brook Obligations. No Favours for me, but what are reciprocal; those I am as ready to receive as to confer.

I was equally scrupulous in regard to my male Friends. All Things change; Friendship is not what it was in the Days of Yore—You may ruin a Man's Constitution, by leading him into Debauchery; you may win half his Fortune at the Gaming-table, and yet be excellent Friends: But ask him to lend
you

you a Sum of Money to relieve your Distress, and you immediately become his Inferior.—If he grants, he treats you with Insolence—If he refuses, he shuns you as unworthy his Intimacy.—Make but a good Appearance, no Matter how infamous the Means of supporting your Extravagance—But acknowledge your Poverty, and farewell Friendship—the whole World shuns you as an Infection.

What was to be done? Fair Promises were no longer current; I had exhausted my whole Stock of Eloquence. The good Reception I met with from Lady *Die*, silenced them for some Time: She had Quality—No great Recommendation to these Kind of Gentry. They know the Value of that, and had Proofs enough of the Honour of the Right Honourables—But then it was easy to add, what was more substantial

—A

—A swinging Jointure. This had its Effect. To be sure, if my Marriage, as every body said, was so near being concluded with her Ladyship, why then, to be sure, they would be very sorry to put my Honour to any Inconveniency; for to be sure, they had taken a great deal of my Honour's Money. They hoped, my Honour would Pardon their asking for such a Trifle; but to be sure, they had large Families, and my Honour's Bill had been long owing.—They did not doubt, but my Honour would discharge it, as soon as I conveniently could: They longed to wish my Honour Joy; hoped it would not be long first—I promised like a Courtier—Away cringed the Varlets for that Time.

But Week followed Week, no Marriage—The Attack was renewed. I judged the Change of Air convenient,
and

and accordingly took a tender Leave of my *Dulcinea*, an unceremonious one of the honest Plodders. Away I drove, Post haste for ***, a few Days before the Races. See the Reward of a good Turn, *Jack*—You remember an *Inamorretta* of mine—*Peggy Williamson*.—'Twas not long before you went Abroad, that my natural Unconstancy, forcibly operating by the Assistance of a new Face, I dismissed the Damsel, with a Reward for her Services; the Benefit of my Instruction, and the useful Lessons I had taken the Pains to teach her.—She had nothing to reproach me for; as, to do her Justice, she had a true Regard for Merit, and was therefore easily persuaded to reward it. We bid each other a tender Adieu—I packed her into a Stage-Coach, having first taught her to assume, at least in Appearance, that Innocence, the Reality of which I had assisted her to get rid of.

Thus

Thus armed to deceive, with twenty Guineas in her Pocket, she set off in quest of Adventures. It was, you may remember, a demure Jade, a cunning Dissembler, with a Countenance so modest, that none but the most skilful Physiognomists could detect the Imposture—Genteel in her Person too, and tolerably pretty—Why this Preamble? you cry—Patience, *Jack*, all in good Time—I know that inattentive blundering Head of thine—I gave you a Sketch of all this before, and yet you understood nothing of the Matter; a sufficient Excuse, if there needs any, for this Minuteness.—But I have lost myself—O I went to ****, as I told you, when, behold! the first Person I stumbled on, was this forsaken Nymph—Meeting with an old Mistress, you'll think no very joyous Circumstance—You're mistaken for once—I was going to say—But that's no Novelty with you.

you.—She accosted me first, for I had at that Moment a very short Memory. But finding it would answer no Purpose, I e'en returned her Compliments with a good Grace; enquired into her Affairs; violently glad to see her, and all that: But judge of my Transport when she informed me, she lived with Sir *Roger Groves*, a true *English* Country Booby, in the honourable Quality of Governess to his only Daughter. Ha! ha! ha! a pretty Governess it must be owned—This Daughter, a fine untaught Girl; bred in Obscurity, Ignorance, and Retirement, knew nothing of the World; never five Miles from the Smoak of her Father's Chimney.—But the most inviting Circumstance is—twenty thousand Pounds, principal Money, left by her Uncle, her Mother's Brother, independant of her Father, with whom it seems he was continually at Variance, but doated on his Sister;

ter ; having from her Example a good Opinion of female Prudence, he induced his Niece with that pretty Bait, to tempt Fortune Hunters, and needy younger Brothers—The good Man thought a proper Confidence in them was the best Way to engage them to Obedience. Her Father, on the contrary, a wondrous wise Man, twice high Sheriff for the County—Kept her Body under Lock and Key ; armed his Garrison with Blunderbusses—Himself the greatest Blunderer—The Out-Works defended by Domestic ; his Militia ready, at a Moment's Warning, to repulse every Invader.—All this Care for her Person. Her Mind he left to shift for itself, having sagaciously considered, that, if he could secure the one, there was no fear of the other's being run away with.—No rational Creature was suffered to approach his Castle. A few Animals like himself
were

were alone admitted. Judge from this, what Effect a Fellow of my Spirit and Appearance was likely to produce on a young Girl, so circumstanced.—And that I would see her was past a Doubt—*Williamson* farther told me, that Miss had a Lover, her Father's Choice, consequently, agreeable to the Spirit of female Contradiction—Her Aversion—Joyous Circumstances for me! Do you think I did not profit by them?—The first Step was to secure *Peggy* in my Interest. That I found no difficult Matter—She had never ceased to love me, no more she hadn't, and I was a cruel Man to forsake her—A Reconciliation was easily effected. The tender hearted Creature forgot and forgave like a good Christian. I renewed my former Professions—All this was mighty well. But the Girl knew the World better, than when we were first acquainted: I may thank myself.

'Twas

'Twas I taught her Experience at no small Cost, and I was now to pay for it: Fair Promises would no longer pass. But, if I would give her one in Writing for two thousand Pounds on the Day of my Marriage with her Lady, she would engage to make her mine.— You may believe I did not long hesitate—Much as I pique myself on Stratagem and Invention, her Assistance was absolutely necessary to facilitate my Project. The Agreement was therefore instantly concluded, and honest *Peggy* again taken into Favour. Well enough, in the Absence of brighter Objects. It was so long since I had seen her too; that she had even a little of Novelty to recommend her. The Races drew together a Crowd of Company. *Williamson* had promised her Lady should be there; how she managed the old 'Squire I don't know, but there she actually was. I knew her at first Sight in the
Rooms

Rooms by her Description, and, by my Soul, *Jack*, there never was a finer Creature—Her Dress excepted, there was nothing about her awkward or inelegant.—Tall for her Age; blooming as *May*; a Countenance sweetly engaging; Eyes that speak a Soul rather languishing; the more Encouragement to hope her Heart was not insensible to tender Impressions.

[Here Mr. *Obrian* relates the Method he took to see her at her Father's; his Success in breaking off the threatened Match between her and *Sorrell*; the Engagement she entered into with him; of that he speaks as follows.]

After I had in vain used all my Eloquence, (*Williamson* seconding me in keeping up her Fears of the dreaded Marriage) to prevail on the little Obstinate to take a fashionable Trip with me

to

to *Scotland*, I had no other Resource but to terrify her into this Engagement, though I was not half satisfied with it myself; but there was no Remedy, I had received Orders for *Germany*. I had consequently no Time to complete my Project; *Williamson* comforted me in my Disappointment. Her Lady, though ignorant of most Things, had yet a deep Sense of Religion, she would not therefore think lightly of her Vow; it should be her Care to heighten her Reverence for it; to represent in the strongest Colours, the heinous Sin of violating one so solemnly made.—She would likewise endeavour to keep alive her Regard for me in my Absence, by frequently expatiating on the Graces of my Person and Manner.—For those of your Mind, said the Gipsy smiling, I have not Penetration enough to discover, but Invention shall supply that Defect—I will also use my Influence

over

over Sir *Roger*, to prevent any Rivals receiving his Encouragement.—Go, most noble Captain, continued she, your Mistress will have a watchful *Argus* in me, you a faithful Friend; 'tis for my own Interest as well as your's, that may chance to make me the more solicitous for the Success of your Affairs. Every Thing shall remain a profound Secret till you return.—Adieu, *Jack*—I leave you abruptly. A Message from Lady *Die*. I fly on the Wings of Love.

G. OBRIAN.

LETTER XXV.

To the SAME.

JUST returned in high Spirits from my Angel!—Do you wonder at my Constancy? Why 'tis not a little extraordinary it must be owned; a Passion of near two Years standing! I can hardly give Credit to it myself.—Let me try

to account for it; it concerns my Honour to vindicate myself from the Appearance of a Virtue so unfashionable, so inconsistent with the Character of a fine Gentleman.—In the first Place, Lady *Die* is so lively, so variable in her Temper, that to be constant to her, is a Kind of Inconstancy, however paradoxical the Assertion may appear, since she is never the same Person two Minutes together: Consequently I find sufficient Variety in one, to clear me of the Charge.—Secondly, after so long an Absence, she had the Charm of Novelty to recommend her.—Lastly, she is a Woman of Quality, and you know what an Advantage it is to a Man's Reputation, to be engaged in an Intrigue so honourable in the World's Opinion: Not that your high bred fair ones are more sparing of their Favours than their Neighbours, quite the contrary—But then it is not every

Fellow that has Courage to make the Attempt: They believe therefore it must be superior Merit, which intitles them to what they dare not aspire to. It gives me infinite Advantage over the pretty Creatures of inferior Rank. Who can resist the dear *Obrian*? Their Betters have yielded to his powerful Charms, and what a Glory is it to dispute his Heart with a Countess.—Have I made a sufficient Apology *Jack*?

Now for an Answer or two to thy wise Queries.—How, you ask, will you manage your Affair with Lady *Die*, and yet complete your Country one? Will not an absolute Breach be the Consequence? And can you *George*, cries your Worship, exchange a Mistress, like her, for that everlasting Comfort—a Wife? What a Head have you, *Jack*? I thought you had been better acquainted with the Character of my

Dulcinea, than to think Matrimony on either Side would break Squares—Do you not remember a Speech, that with her usual Gaiety she once made in your Presence? Gaily as she spoke it, I am convinced 'tis her real Sentiment. I was expressing some Jealousy at the favourable Reception she gave to * * who was just married.—Ah! I will not be controlled, cried she, no whining, no grave Faces, or I have done with you.—I love to coquet with the Husbands, and give the Wife the Fidgets.—With a Woman of this Way of thinking, what have I to fear?—She knows my Fortune is desperate, and requires a desperate Remedy. I shall at a convenient Opportunity make her acquainted with the whole Affair.—No fear of her Approbation; she will love me the more for such a Proof of my Address.—Our Joys will be more lively, because prohibited—Nothing like

that to give them a Zest: Thank Heaven, we are neither of us over scrupulous, and have long since shaken off the Yoke of Priestcraft.—Pleasure, *Jack*, Pleasure is with us the Law and the Prophets.—Once free a Woman from the Prejudice of Education, from all the Nurse and all the Priests have taught, and she's your's on any Terms you please—A little Hypocrisy, indeed, she may practise to save Appearances; but, for Virtue, Honour, and all that, she will be as ready as you can wish, to treat as Chimeras.—Thank Heaven, my pretty Rustic is not quite so much of a modern fine Lady, as that comes to.—One would not have a Wife or Daughter to be so very wise, so very high bred, ha *Jack*! By the bye, the dear Creature's promissory Note has satisfied all my Creditors; they are now my Honour's most obsequious Servants—Supply me with every

ry thing I can desire; I live like a Prince
—They upon—Hopes of Payment.

A Lady desires to speak with me;
who the Plague can it be? Not my
Gloriana—No, she takes more Care
of her Reputation; though indeed con-
sidering the Sobriety of my Character,
she might safely honour me with a
Visit: 'Tis no uncommon Thing;
the Sex know my Prudence: 'Tis not
the first Time I have been favoured
with their Company at my Levee.—
Shew the Lady up Stairs—I'll take State
upon me, now they make such forward
Advances—Ha! *Williamson*!—I am
confoundedly alarmed: What the Duce
can have brought her here——

The little Imprudent—How could
I expect a Miracle! A Woman to
keep a Secret, though her own.—But
no Matter, she shall not escape me—
'Twill

'Twill be strange if I cannot outwit, or out-hector (a Hector too by Profession) a Booby Country 'Squire, and a simple Girl.—*Williamson* tells her that Lord *Darnly* is become my Rival; that's rather against me; a Title may do much—But then her Lady, she tells me, is more than ever scrupulous about her solemn Promise—She believes it sacredly binding, she shall find it so at least—She thinks, were she even to engage her Father and Uncle in the Affair, the Law would decide it in my Favour.—I know as little of that as herself; but of this I am positive, she shall be mine, either by fair Means or foul.—The Scheme to effect this is already laid, but not a Syllable shall you know of the Matter, till put in Execution, till successful—Of that I make no doubt—Then will I strike you dumb; with Wonder at my Invention and Address.—*Williamson* is accommodated

with an Apartment here; I consented to this, which was, you may believe, her own Proposal, that she might be near, to assist or advise in my Affair.—But for that, I could have wished the Damsel at a more convenient Distance.—Farewel, *Jack*; I have too much Business on my Hands, to say all I at first intended; expect the Favour of another Epistle as soon as I have Leisure; more, perhaps, to excite thy Admiration, by expatiating on my Plots executed or projected, than out of Friendship to thee—No Matter which—We are excellent Friends as the World goes. Adieu,

GEORGE OBRIAN.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

To HENRIETTA.

I Did not, ever amiable *Henrietta*, ask your Permission to write.—Ah! in a parting like ours, could I think of any Thing but indulging my inexpressible Grief, at leaving all my Heart held dear—I will not presume to mention my unhappy Passion. Your Affairs shall alone be the Subject.—I hasten, without farther Apology, to inform you of what has past since I arrived in Town.

The first Thing I made my Business to enquire into, was the Character of Capt. *Obrian*.—Think not I am going to speak with the Partiality of a Rival.—The Accounts I received of him were such, as gave me the utmost Apprehension for your Happiness.—Ah! Madam, Heaven forbid you should ever be sacrificed to such a Wretch—

A Libertine—a Man who has not one interior good Quality to recommend him to your Favour. His outward Attractions are, indeed, specious; I would do him all the Justice he deserves. His Person is uncommonly handsome; he has a Sort of frothy Wit, which will not fail to gain him Admirers amongst the simple Part of the Sex, who are caught by Noise and outward Shew.—But to a Lady of your Delicacy, of your Sentiments, the Badness of his Morals must render him detestable.—He is of a tolerable Family; if he ever had any Fortune, 'tis not only all spent, but the very Sale of his Commission would not half discharge his numerous Debts. The Report of his intended Marriage with you, which he has taken Care to propagate, has alone preserved him from a Gaol.—He is universally despised by the better Kind of People—I do not
here

here mean the Great—Amongst them, his Address and specious Appearance, in spite of his Faults, still procure him a good Reception—especially amongst the Ladies.—Sorry am I to confess a Truth, so much to their Disadvantage—But, amongst the Wise and Virtuous, he is, as I said, so justly despised, that they would not be sorry should he meet with the Fate he too much deserves.

I will not shock you with the particular Instances I heard of his Baseness.—What Hope is there of the World's Reformation, while Vice is openly countenanced, and the more daringly wicked People are, the more likely are they to be distinguished by the Appellation of fine Gentlemen. If to acquire that boasted Character demands such Qualifications, defend me Heaven from that envied Title!—No; let

me glide undistinguished through Life,
superior to its empty Allurements :
May my Friendships, my Intimacies,
be limited to the Worthy, however
humble their Station!

Before I proceed in my Account,
permit me to give you my Opinion
in regard to your Engagement with this
unworthy Man: I know not how far
in Law, were you obliged to bring
the Matter to a Trial, it would be
deemed binding—Made before you
was of Age—I am not able to decide
that Point. But for your verbal one,
it was rash no doubt: Yet I cannot
think, you would incur the Wrath of
Heaven, as you apprehend, for the
Breach of it. It would, in my Opi-
nion, be a greater Crime to wed the
Man, you could I presume neither
love nor reverence, though you must
vow to do both. A greater Perjury
than

than the other for this Reason, because it would have more fatal Consequences. The former you would not have made, had you known the faulty Character of Mr. *Obrian*. He deceived you too in the Account he gave of himself, pretending to be a Man of Rank and Fortune. Since this is discovered to be false, I cannot see how he should expect you to stand by your Part of the Engagement, since he fails in his. He is, strictly speaking, not the Person to whom your Promise was made, it was to a Man of Rank and Fortune. He has not, nor had, at the Time, any Title to that Character.—I know not, if what I have said on this Head will have any Effect in removing your Scruples—But I must own, they appear to me to be indulged without sufficient Foundation—I dare not farther urge you on this Subject, lest I should not seem so disinterested,

as my Heart assures me I am.—Yes, lovely *Henrietta*, though to call you mine be the Height of my Ambition, I, without a Murmur, sacrifice a Passion the most fervent that ever glowed in the Breast of Man, to your dearer Peace of Mind. If you cannot in Conscience dispense with your Engagement, if he ungenerously continues to refuse complying with my Proposal, we must endeavour to make the best of it.—I will, when you think proper to reveal the Secret to your Father and Uncle, use all my Influence with both, to pardon your youthful Imprudence, to reconcile them to your Marriage.—Good Heavens! can I bear the Thoughts, that that dreadful Marriage should ever take place.—Be gone all selfish, narrow Passions—Yes, Madam, your Happiness shall supply the Loss of mine. To know you are happy shall be my Consolation—Your
 Virtue,

Virtue, Beauty, and Sweetness of Temper—(Ah who had ever so many amiable Perfections) will, I trust, in Time, reform the faulty Morals of the enviable *Obrian*.—Your Example may one Day render him more worthy of you—But I have some Reason to hope, you will not be reduced to that Extremity.

I hasten to relate the Particulars of our Interview—After making the above Enquiries, fearing he might endeavour to avoid a Meeting if I only wrote, I determined to visit him at his Lodgings—A Direction was easily obtained. He is universally known, I went; was told he was out, nor would return till the Evening—While the Servant spoke, I had a Glimpse of a Woman who hastily crossed the Hall; and, if I may believe my Senses, this Woman was no other than your late Attendant *Williamson*. In my first Emotions

tions of Surprise, I could not help calling to her by Name—No Answer was returned. She was out of Sight in an Instant. Finding that, whether only denied to me or really out, I had no Chance of seeing him at that Time—I wrote a Note from the nearest Tavern, desiring he would give me a Meeting, leaving him to appoint the Time and Place—I added a Direction to my Lodgings. Next Morning I received the following Answer.

To Lord DARNLY,

“ MY LORD,

Your Name explains to me the Motives for Yesterday's Favour : I am sorry I was not at home—You have I presume, taken upon you the honourable Province of a Lady's Champion, a Lady dear to us both ; but I should be glad to know, if it is by her Desire you engage in our Affairs. You see,
my

my Lord, I can readily account for the Honour of your Visit; you shall not find me backward to a Meeting on any Terms you please; but that of yielding to you the fair Object of my Pursuit. Flatter not yourself with any such Hope; no Man on Earth, let his Quality be what it will, shall, with Impunity, dare to dispute my Right—She is, she shall be mine, had I a thousand Rivals, a thousand Obstacles to surmount. This Frankness will enable you, my Lord, to form a Judgment of what is likely to be the Consequence of our Meeting, if your Passion resembles in Violence, that of your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

GEORGE OBRIAN."

P. S. If I understand the Purport of your Note, you would have me come properly armed; I give you the same Advice.

This

This was my ANSWER.

“ Sir,

You do not rightly understand my Note. I am no Challenger, though I will not tamely bear an Insult, as you shall find, if you give me Cause to be upon my Defence, though I had no Intention of being the Aggressor. The Meeting I proposed was an amicable one—That I am your Rival, I glory to avow. Who can be otherwise, and know the charming Miss *Graves*, whom I must tell you, you have not treated with that Generosity which might have been expected from the Man of Honour you seem so solicitous to appear.—You mentioned not when I might expect the Pleasure of seeing you. If you have no material Engagement, I should be glad it were to be
imme-

immediately on your receiving this, at
the *King's Arms*.

I am, Sir,

Your most Obedient,

DARNLY."

I went there, as soon as I had dispatch'd my Servant with the above Note. In less than half an Hour he join'd me. He is well bred, and has the Appearance of a Gentleman. I began to hope he would shew more Generosity, than the World, ever too ready to censure, would allow him capable of. I immediately introduced the—to me—important Subject; described, with all the Eloquence I was Master of, the Uneasiness you suffer'd on account of your too late repented Engagement; the little Probability, indeed, the Impossibility of ever gaining your Father's Approbation to his Alliance;

your

your determined Resolution never to marry contrary to his Inclination.— You had indeed, when terrified, and ungenerously—I must call it so, Sir, said I—urged to it—given him an unconditional Promise, which, tho' you scrupled to break it, you had yet left it in your own Power when to fulfil. The only Consequence then, added I, will be the Lady's continuing single, if you refuse to release her from her Engagement.—Release her from her Engagement! interrupted he with Warmth, what tamely yield her to my Rival! Does Inconstancy like her's, merit a generous Treatment!—Inconstancy! interrupted I, in my Turn, she cannot justly be accused of that, since, by what I can find, she gave you but little Reason to flatter yourself with a Return of Passion.—A pretty Compliment you have paid her, cry'd he, affecting to smile. How then do you account

count for her Promise? To make one of that Nature, without some Degree of the Passion you are so unwilling to allow I had the good Fortune to inspire, is saying but little in her Favour, methinks.—You may be mistaken, Sir, said I.—Fear, Youth, and Inexperience; her unhappy Situation, in hourly Expectation, of being sacrificed to the Man who was her Aversion, will sufficiently plead her Excuse.—But how shall we excuse him, who ungenerously taking Advantage of those Circumstances, compelled her, I think I may justly call it, to put herself into his Power.—You treat me with a Freedom, cry'd he insolently, which I have not tamely been accusom'd to bear.—You are at Liberty to bear it as you please, return'd I. I shall certainly take but little Pains to disguise my real Sentiments.—Be our Rivalship forgot, I plead only in the Cause of suffering Virtue.—Suffering

fering Virtue! return'd he, in what does she suffer? are not my Intentions honourable?—Honourable! cry'd I, with Indignation, by Heavens, you durst not presume to mean otherwise.—How know you what I durst, said he, colouring with Rage, and laying his Hand on his Sword.—O we are not now talking of your Bravery, answer'd I, with a Degree of Scorn, the Reputation of that we will suppose sufficiently establish'd. But be sparing of your Courage, Sir; your King pays you abundantly for all you have to boast of, or I am much deceived. Preserve it then for the Use of your Master.—By Heavens! this is too much, cry'd he, I will not be insulted. Do you reflect on my Profession, on the Profession of a Soldier! Draw, Sir: Your Life shall answer for this Insolence.—You are far from being sure of that, said I calmly, I presume we should have

have a pretty equal Chance. The Profession of a Soldier is an honourable one, I wish your Character may not dishonour it. I mention'd it not as a Reproach, I meant rather, by putting you in Mind you was a Gentleman, to induce you to act up to that Character. If you have a real Passion for a Lady, as you would persuade me, give me a generous Proof of it; a Proof that will give you a better Title to her Favour, than the Promise you are so tenacious of. Restore her to that Freedom you have forcibly deprived her of, and trust to her Gratitude for a Reward answerable to that Favour. Is it possible you should love with so little Delicacy, as to accept, were it in your Power, her Hand, when you have Reason to think she gives it with Reluctance!—If such are your narrow, selfish Sentiments, I may, without the least Fear of Injustice, pronounce you

unwor-

unworthy of her.—But act like a Man of Honour. If your Affairs, as I have been inform'd—And what Right had you to make the Enquiry, interrupted he with Warmth.—To serve my Friend, answer'd I; to serve even you, as you shall find, if you will calmly listen to my Proposal.

You are to observe my lovely *Henrietta*, that he had a good deal laid aside his fierce Airs, since he found they were likely to produce Effects, which, in Spite of his boasted Courage, he did not seem much to wish for—Speak on, cry'd he, I will endeavour to restrain the natural Violence of my Temper.—That's kind, said I, with an ironical Smile. I desire as much as you, that this should prove an amicable Meeting. If your Behaviour has not been such as I am intitled to expect, I have condescended to answer you

you in your own Way; but take Care you urge me not too far. I am no Challenger, as I before told you; but I cannot answer, averse as I am to the barbarous and unjustifiable Custom of Duelling, that I should be sufficiently Master of myself, were you to repeat the insolent Air of Defiance you not long since gave yourself.

You express yourself in very high Terms, said he, but let me hear your Lordship's Proposal; and I shall then consider what Satisfaction I ought, as a Man of Honour, to demand for the free Treatment I have received.—All that a Man of Honour ought to give, you may depend on. The Proposal you are desirous of hearing, added I, is this—I am no Stranger to the Situation of your Affairs. A Marriage, such as you aspire to, would doubtless be of great Service to you.—That—excuse me,
Sir,

Sir, if I am mistaken—is most likely your Motive for refusing to release Miss *Groves* from her Engagement.—Of a sincere and disinterested Passion you give not the least Proof. Indeed, your whole Conduct in this Affair testifies the contrary—Her large Fortune in all Probability was your first Inducement. What makes this the more probable Conjecture is, your Intimacy, and that a prior one too, if I am not much deceived, to that with her Lady, with the Creature who was unhappily placed over her as Governess.—But I need not labour this Point. Love is too visibly out of the Question—Interest then is your only View—Here he was, with an Air of Resentment, going to interrupt me, prefacing his Speech with—by his Soul—But I stopp'd him. No Interruption, Sir; hear me out, then you shall, in your Turn, have Liberty to plead your Cause—A bad one, I fear
it

it is—Interest, as I was observing, continued I, is the principal Motive in seeking to be united to Miss *Groves*.—Deal ingenuously with me, you shall have no Reason to repent it—I will engage to free you from your Difficulties. The Lady too, will give you a convincing Proof of her Gratitude and Generosity if you set her the Example. Your Fortune shall be made easy, I'll engage for that, and give you any Security you think proper to demand.

I will allow you a Day or two to consider of my Proposal, before I require a positive Answer. You may in that Time enquire into your Affairs, and inform yourself what Sum will be necessary to answer the Demands of your Creditors. I give you my Word and Honour, all your Debts shall be discharged. What the Lady will chuse to add, must be left to her ; but I think I

may safely assure you, it will be more than you will ever be Master of from that Quarter, by fruitlessly cherishing Hopes which will never be gratified—The Lady is not indeed, while you refuse to restore her Note, at Liberty to marry. But of what Advantage, let me ask you, will her living single be to you?—She promised to be your's, but *when* is not determined—That Time will most likely never arrive. As a Friend then, I would advise you to close with my Proposal, and not foolishly give up an advantageous Certainty for delusive Hope—I paused.

You have now, my Lord, had a patient Hearing—more patient than I believed myself capable of—You have treated me with a Freedom I am not accustomed to bear with so much Temper; but as the Ambassador of a fair Lady, continued he smiling, whom
you

you consequently represent, I check my
Resentment, having ever been distin-
guish'd for the most respectful Admirer
of that bewitching Sex.—For her Sake
then, I pass over some Part of your
Harangue, which on Reflection, I
shall, perhaps, as a Man of Honour,
find myself under a Necessity to resent.
I will take both it and your Proposal
into Consideration. You shall hear from
me, my Lord, in a few Days. I can
at present determine positively on no-
thing. I doubt not you will, when call-
ed upon to do it, give me all the Satis-
faction, I as a Gentleman have a Right
to demand—I have your Direction,
feeling in his Pocket—If you have
not, said I, let me give you another—
No, I have it, returned he—Farewel
my Lord, depend upon it you shall
hear from me. I will not, were you
a Prince, put up with any Thing I have
Reason to believe an intended Affront,

—You shall know my Determination
—Away he march'd.—This, Madam,
is the present Situation of your Affairs.
I began this Letter the Moment I
return'd to my Lodgings, without wait-
ing for the Captain's Answer.—But I
think it will, in all Probability be such,
as I so ardently wish.—With inexpress-
ible Importance I look forward to our
next Meeting. I think, till this Affair
is decided, it will be best not to reveal
your Secret to any of your Family—
Who knows, but a few Days may re-
store you to Freedom.—Delightful
Hope!—Forgive me—I recollect the
Promise I made at the Beginning of this
Letter. Be my own Affairs forgot. I
ask not even what Effect my sudden
Absence produces on my valued
Friend—O if I can serve the lovely
Henrietta—O the Extacy of that ani-
mating Hope! Believe me, Madam,
nothing in my Power shall be omitted.
—With

—With an Esteem which no Words can express, join'd to the utmost Respect, I subscribe your most devoted

DARNLY.

LETTER XXVII.

To JOHN BANKS, *Esq;*

A Devilish Scrape I had like to have been drawn into, *Jack*—A prating Fellow of a Lord—a Rival too by the bye—propos'd a Meeting.—No refusing, you know, my Honour was concern'd. A Plague of this Honour! No Man alive has more of it than I. But as for fighting, I had enough of it in *Germany*. I hate Repetition—But judging by *Williamson's* Account of him—just caught, as she said, fresh as imported from the University, a mere Ignoramus in Regard to Life, I thought, I say, I should easily intimidate my meddling Spark, by playing off a few

of my military Airs upon him. But it would not do, *Jack*. The Fellow would not be hector'd, I was forced to draw in my Horns. I am none of your mad-brain'd Heroes, who fight for the Sake of fighting.—Life and I are very good Friends, and have not the least Desire to part—I cannot comprehend how an Infidel should be brave; if he is so, he's a Fool: This Life is his all. None of your paradisaical Dreams to look forward to; and, I think, you and I, *Jack*, have pretty well argued, or rather bother'd ourselves out of our Faith.—Fight!—I'd seen him hang'd first—No, no, let me wisely make the most of my short Existence.—I have not the least *Envie* to be annihilated, much less have I any Inclination to make the degrading Transition, from a pretty Fellow, perhaps to an Ass, by Way of Punishment for my past Sins, according to *Pythagoras*—A System his, that
you

you and I were sometimes inclined to adopt, when we were puzzled in what Manner to dispose of our Souls; for that we have Souls, is either a Truth, or Error so deeply rooted in us, that one can hardly reason one's self out of the Belief of it. Nay, a Fellow of no Soul, is a Term of Reproach.

But what a plaguy Dissertation am I got into?—That prating Lord, who talk'd me to Death, has infected me with his Volubility, tho' I have scarce a Moment to spare. Time is precious, I am on the Wing, *Jack*. He wanted me to release the Lady from her Promise, forsooth—a likely Story truly—Little did the simple Soul know of the Man he had to deal with.—He expects my Answer in a few Days.—In a few Days, I shall be where he little thinks.—When I have Leisure, I'll tell you his wise Proposal.—Lord help the
right

right honourable Fool! Could he expect I should agree to it, secure as I am of the Damsel, no Matter by what Means, *that* you shall know in proper Time and Place—Interest once, now Revenge is added to that. What would I stop at, to gratify both those powerful Passions! —By my Soul, *Jack*, I am half tempted to take a glorious Revenge on the little Inconstant. How durst she propose to break with me, and to send those Proposals by a Rival too—Take Care, my pretty One, you know not the Man you have to deal with. Revenge is sweet—Your Booby Father, you say, will never consent to our Union—My Pride is alarm'd. I may not always perhaps, do him the Honour to wish he should. Let him take the Consequence of these unbecoming Airs, he deserves not so dignified an Alliance.—I am well born, *Jack*, *that* all the World knows.

That

That his perverse Daughter shall be mine, and on what Terms I please, all Nature cries aloud—The fickle Sex!—I thought my personal Attractions—(when did they ever fail to conquer, when I made the Attempt?)—had sufficiently secured her in my Interest at least. But out of Sight out of Mind. Let me be but once more introduced to her Presence, kneeling, sighing, pouring forth a Torrent of soft Nonsense, I'll answer for Success. Nobody better knows how to deal with the Sex—This Rival—no despicable Figure—to do him Justice, graced with a Title too—but what of that? A Man of Spirit will surmount every Difficulty—My travelling Equipage is in Readiness.—'Twas soon done—I go *incog.* *Williamson* my Companion in the Chaise, one Fellow only attending—Both Man and Chaise to be left at a
conve-

274 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

convenient Distance from the Habitation of my Intended. My Fellow-Traveller knows the People, and assures me, a small Bribe, should I have Occasion for their Help, will secure them in my Interest. Poverty and Honesty are not always Companions. Adieu, *Jack*. I dedicate the rest of this Evening to my Angel—I will inform her of every Thing that has happened. Her Advice may be of Service to me. Nobody has more Penetration, or a more fertile Invention—My Chair is at the Door—To-morrow I stand a Chance of seeing the Sun rise, for so soon do I propose to begin my Journey—Farewel, *Jack*. Wish me Success in my Expedition. Your's,

G. OBRIAN.

P. S. I am half asleep. 'Tis Midnight I believe. To sit up till that Hour is very well, but to get up is the
the

the Devil. I did not close my Letter Yesterday, and I now—precious as the Moments are, dedicate one or two to you, in Order to inform you, that, by the Contrivance of Lady *Die*, who *entre nous* is an Angel, and has generously sacrificed Jealousy to my Interest; by her Invention, I say, I have put his Lordship upon a wrong Scent, to prevent his suspecting why and wherefore I leave Town. 'Tis a glorious Contrivance, and worthy of her Wit. I have not Time for Particulars. Suffice it to tell you, that it will, for some Time, perhaps, till I have executed my Project, prevent his Return to the Country; for which indeed he will be the less anxious, as I have given him Reason to believe, when the Affair, in which I am at present engaged, is finish'd, I shall most likely comply with his notable Proposal. Adieu, *Jack*. Yawn, yawn, yawn, plaguy sleepy—
Nothing

276 *The WOMAN of FASHION.*

Nothing but the Desire of dear Revenge could keep me awake—*Williamson* is come to hasten me. Farewel, then, for the third and last Time.

G. OBRIAN.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.